60¢
JAN. 1

VOGUE

The life that's in fashion...

The look that's in fashion...

The new veers in many things for 1963

Short stories by Graham Greene, Shirley Jackson

Article by Penelope Gilliatt





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JANUARY 1, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER: Looks with dazzle-power to turn on under a southern sun: clear-cut white dress, double-breasted and bloused—one good reason for the piqué rage about to make the resort scene. The luminous suntan takes its smooth lustre from Elizabeth Arden's Veiled Radiance in Sport Dark, the colour of a desert tan. More from the desert: Arden's Sheik lipstick. Dress by David Crystal, in piqué of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $50. Scarf by Burmel. Uncle Sam umbrella. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. For shops in other cities, see page 74. . . . Cover photograph by Penn.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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in a late-day dress—
a snowy checkerboard
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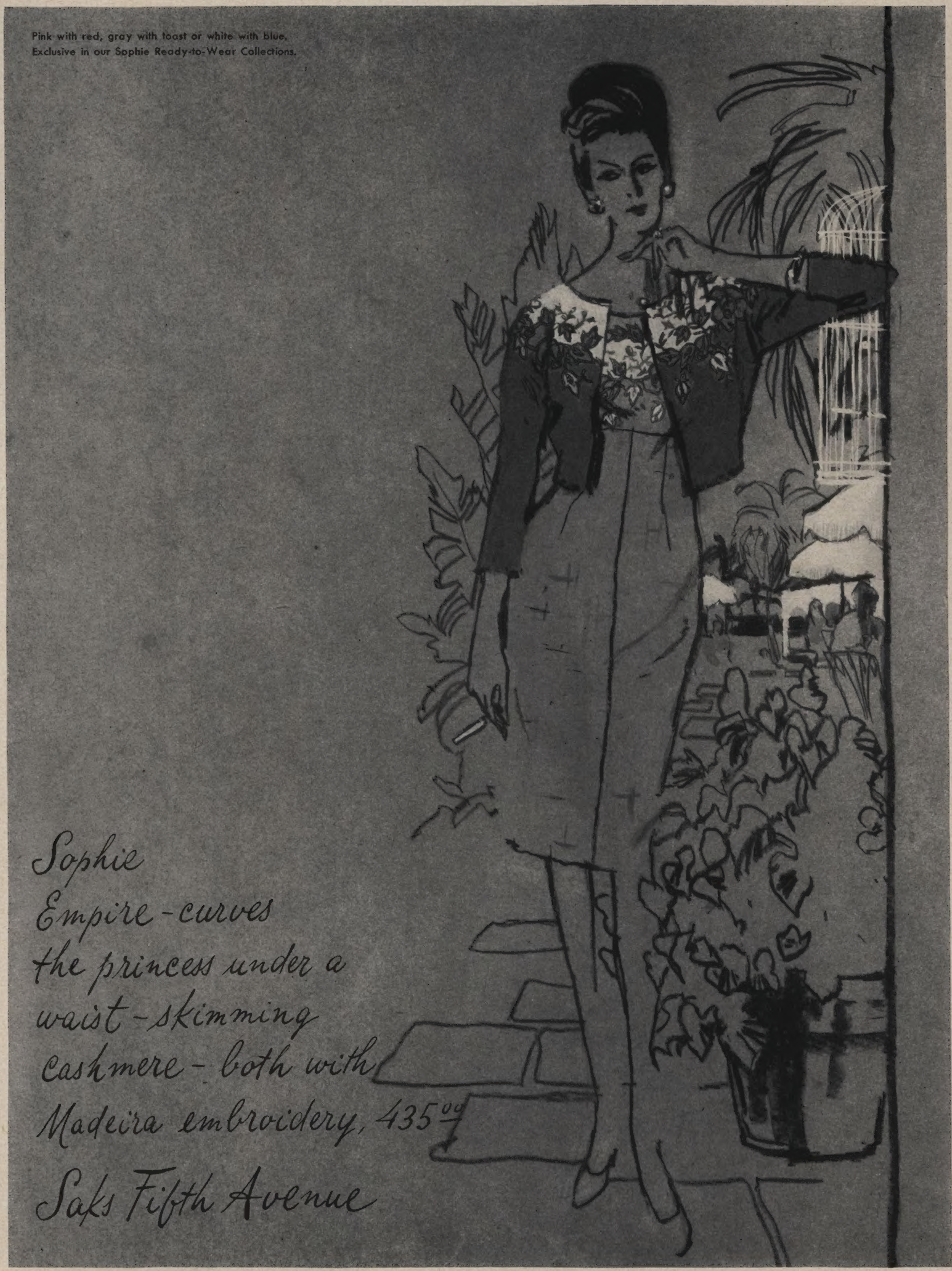
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Saks Fifth Avenue

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Empire-curves
the princess under a
waist-skimming
cashmere-both with
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Bask in linen
when you escape to sunny climes this year for nothing else quite matches its cool poise, its casual elegance. Ours, by **David Crystal,** of imported Ros Comain linen by *Wm. Ewart & Son Ltd.*

Left: Prettily piped design with softly gathered skirt. Navy with white, royal with white or toast with white. Sizes 8 to 16. *(V-1)* **30.00**

Right: Braid bound A-line style in toast with white, navy with red or white with navy. Sizes 10 to 18. *(V-2)* **30.00**

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Outshine the sun in these bright separates. This surah overblouse stays vivid and silken soft. These sharkskin slacks stay crisp and dazzling white. And a nice surprise—both are washable. All benefits of Arnel. Oleg Cassini's shirt of Camay Fabrics' Arnel triacetate surah. Sizes 8-16, about $20. Slacks are of Folker's Arnel triacetate sharkskin. Sizes 8-18, about $18. The colors are as shown. At Burdine's, Miami; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Gus Mayer, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores; Doops, New Jersey.

ARNEL® This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®



Go out in the midday sun in bright white. This stunning sharkskin never fails to bedazzle. You can count on Arnel to keep it strikingly white and serenely smooth—all day, any day. Just a quick tumble in the washer will do the trick. A House of Jamison design in Folker Fabrics' Arnel triacetate sharkskin. In white with choice of red or navy trim. Sizes 8-18. About $35 at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Harold's, Minneapolis; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Rich's, Atlanta.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

ARNEL GOES SUN CRAZY



Be right in the midst of the fun in a whirl of lively separates. Because of Arnel, this top stays shapely — these pants stay sleek. Mr. Dino's top of William Winkler's Arnel triacetate double knit in green, black, yellow, or orange, about $18. Pants of Crown's Arnel triacetate and Avril rayon poplin in coordinating colors, about $15. Sizes 8-16. Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Bramson, Chicago & all stores; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Montaldo's, all stores; Doops, New Jersey.

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Stay cool as a peppermint in a free swinging shirtwaist. Arnel heightens the color, freshens the fabric, keeps the pleats composed—even in motion. And the upkeep is child's play. Just a wash and drip dry—that's all. By David Crystal in R. S. L's oxford-weave crepe of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Pink, yellow, white, blue, beige. 10-20. About $35 at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; The Higbee Company, Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

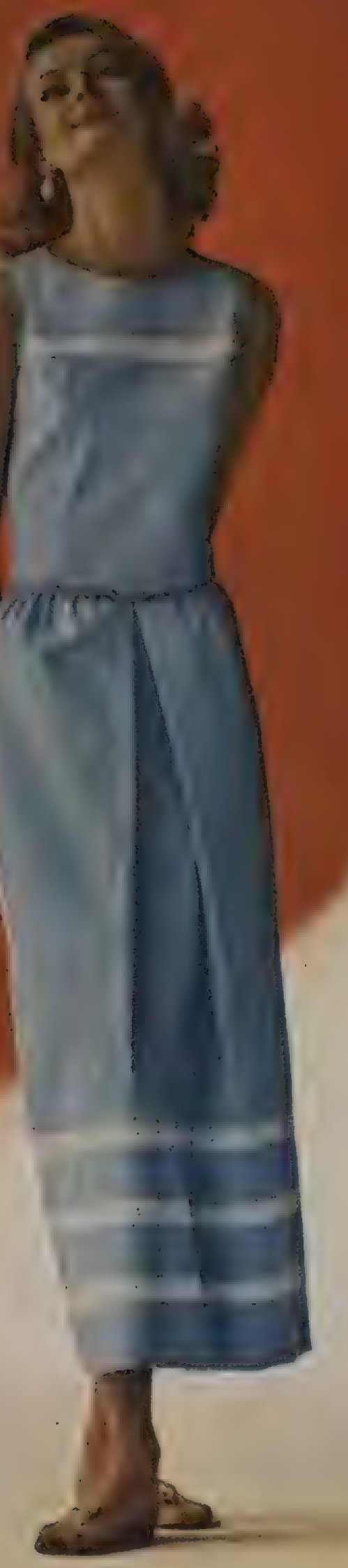
Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Look ravishing in surah that's sprinkled with polka dots. This sleeveless top and pleated skirt have a deep richness of color and a soft silky sheen. Special bonuses of Arnel! They stay sparkling bright with little care—every pleat right in place. An Arbe design in A. P. Silk's Arnel triacetate surah. Red, yellow, or pink. 6-16. About $50 at B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Bullock's, San Fernando; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; Jenny Company, Cincinnati; Montaldo's, all stores; Doops, N.J.

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ARNEL GOES SUN CRAZY



Catch the last of the sun's rays in this long and lovely streak of denim. Because Arnel gives it extra crispness, it has dash and vitality —is wonderfully washable too. At its romantic best on anyone's patio. Designed by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan in Concord's Arnel triacetate and cotton. Blue or pink with white lace. Sizes 6-16. Skirt about $30, top about $13, at Henri Bendel, N. Y.; Bramson, Chicago & all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

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CHRYSLER '63 VISITS THE WEST COAST



"I need a car large enough for my life..."

MRS. STANLEY M. RUMBOUGH, NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA

The leading magazines often ask Mrs. Stanley M. Rumbough, "Why Work When You Don't Have To, Dina Merrill?" The answer: Because she loves to. Be it East Hampton with the three children in tow, or New York where the Rumboughs keep an apartment, or Hollywood where Mrs. Rumbough has recently finished "The Courtship of Eddie's Father" for MGM, the same delightful vanilla blond takes to her schedule with genuine relish. It's a rigorous schedule. And she makes it work by driving herself from appointment to appointment. "I don't just paddle around," says she. "I drive with a purpose and I want all the conveniences possible to ease my driving day." The Chrysler New Yorker shown provides the power assists, the quiet and spaciousness and luxury Mrs. Rumbough requires for her work-filled day.

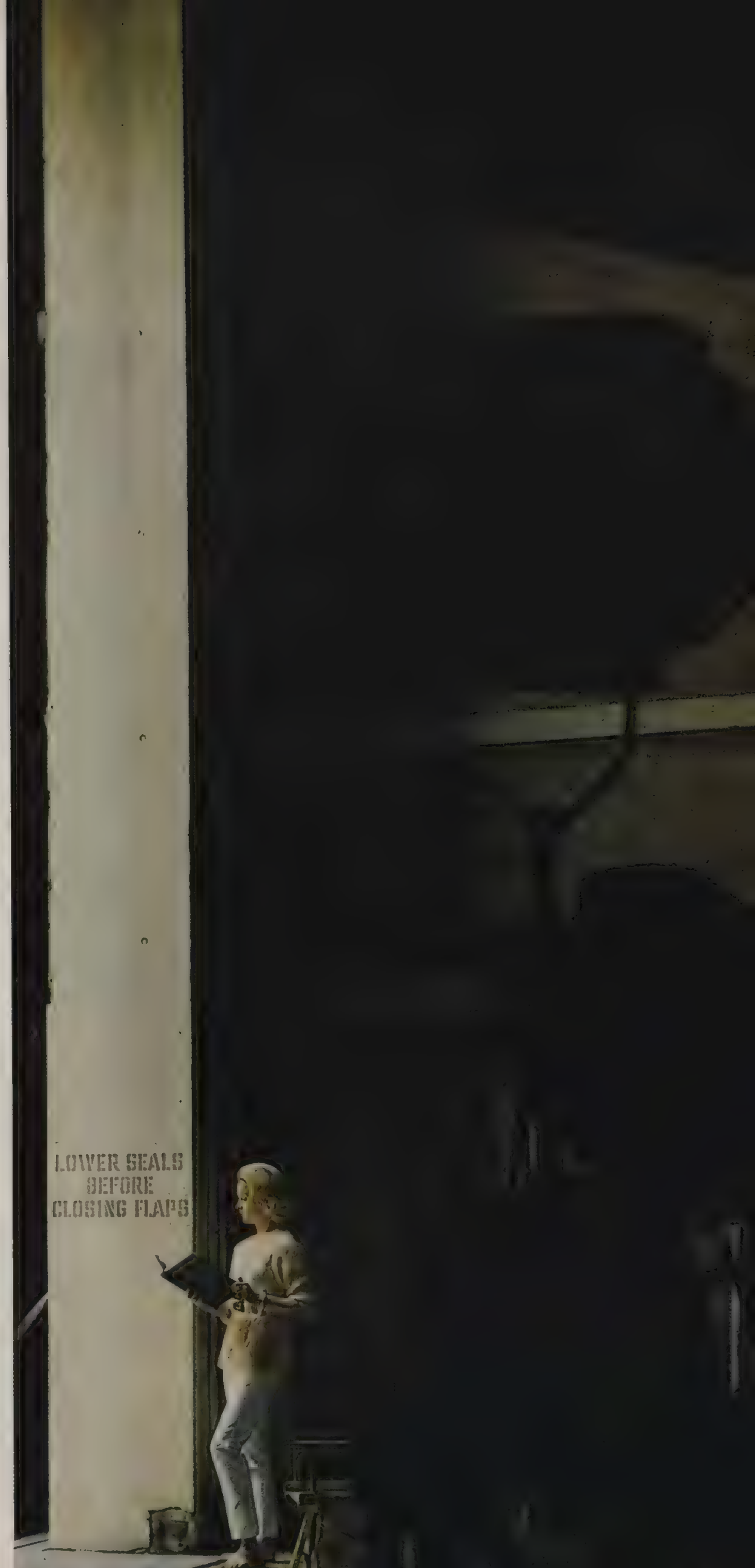
Seats are poised so a woman can see the road; the shaped steering wheel interferes not a bit with highest fashion.



Fashion? California dictates these shown here: Slim pants and tunic, on MGM set at right, by Lee Herman; at top, wool separates for evening by Yvonne; and at left, Mrs. Rumbough mink dustered in vanilla cashmere by Jean Louis.

The car? Chrysler New Yorker in a matching mink shade—Cypress Tan.

(Advertisement)





Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear





Herbert Levy

helps us prove

Fashion is not limited to size

... in these

costumes

that extend

beyond city limits!

Urbanite or suburbanite—
these are far and away the
most versatile costumes for
women on the go! Herbert Levy
guides them into slimming
lines, and gives them easy
jackets that reveal silk
overblouses at the take-off.
And both are boundlessly
attractive in black or navy!

left: The wool double-knit
ensemble with an overblouse
of red-dotted white surah.
Sizes 38 to 50. 100.00

right: The textured silk
costume has centered tucks
on its white overblouse.
Sizes 14½ to 30½. 100.00

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The elegant "Octagon House", home of Simon Bolivar, greatest of South American heroes.



The famous Queen Emma pontoon bridge spanning Willemstad's bustling harbor. (Long ago you paid no toll if you crossed without shoes.)

New finds for fun! Curaçao and Peck & Peck

Bon Bini! Curaçao's gay greeting that welcomes your venturesome spirit! Here, tucked away in the Caribbean, is an island of refreshing contrasts. The orderly tradition of pastel Dutch homes, set against sun-swept tropics, in an atmosphere paced to cosmopolitan living! A traveler's treat as delightful as Peck and Peck's new *surprise* with separates. A cotton shirt in subtle irridescent colours, specially designed to blend with the rich colouring of bleeding Madras shorts. Both beautifully fitting for the varied activities of a Curaçao vacation, from sports to sightseeing. Blues or greens. 8 to 18, *18.95* the set.

Ideally suited for Curaçao—"Holland with sunshine"...the exclusive Peck and Peck beach ensemble in Dutch Tile print cotton. Becomes a day costume with the matching button-front skirt, perfect for a drive in the *cunucu* (the Curaçaoan word for countryside.) Under the draped top of the boy-short swimsuit—our famous "hidden" bra. Delft blue or beige on white with white piping. From our Surf Club Collection. 10 to 18, *29.95* the set.

At Westpoint Beach, an idyllic, peaceful, rock-bound cove at westernmost tip of Island.

The swimsuit ensemble, paired for a lovely interlude at Hotel Curaçao Intercontinental.

For facts about Curaçao, write:
Curaçao Information Bureau
1270 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester
Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Indianapolis
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Peck & Peck



The spirit of Pieter Stuyvesant seems to hover over the old waterfront of picturesque Willemstad.

New finds for fun! Curaçao and



One of the "musts" in Curaçao: dinner at old Fort Nassau. Perfect choice in fashion fare: Peck and Peck's Liberty linen, a creation of resort elegance with a tropical floral print. Multi-tones of hibiscus pink, papaya yellow or azure blue with sequin-tipped flowers on the belt, front and back. 10 to 18, *49.95*. Memorable view here of the sweeping hills of the island.

High spots: the Casino or dining at the fabulous Intercontinental, modern luxury hotel that's a scenic wonder in itself.

Peck & Peck

Island of exhilarating contrasts...where continental living with a Dutch flavor is set against Caribbean enchantment. As in Peck and Peck's imported tussah cardigan suit ...its rich raw Indian silk understated with sophisticated simplicity, adorned only with slanted bound buttonholes and buttoned flap pocket. Skirt is fully lined. Natural, emerald green or gold. From our Crest Collection. 10 to 18, *89.95*



The Curaçao Intercontinental —a glistening modern hotel built into a picturesque 17th century fortress. Luxury liners pass right by the walls!



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(say cheés-â)

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Washington's International Ball

This year's International Ball transformed the drafty acreage of the grand ballroom in Washington's Park Sheraton into a Japanese garden. Lester Lanin's band was established under a red Shinto arch and there were graceful arched bridges, débutantes in geisha wigs, huge murals. For entertainment: a fashion show, with commentary by Postmaster General J. Edward Day; clothes modelled by young guests at the party—among them, Pamela Turnure, the First Lady's press secretary. The Ball is held annually at the time of the International Race at the Laurel Track—won this year by Match II, the French entry daringly piloted by Yves Saint-Martin (known as the Manuel Ycaza of France). The Ambassador of Japan and Mrs. Asakai were patrons of the Ball; Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon was Honorary Chairman, and Mrs. Adrian Fisher, Chairman; the take from the Ball went to the Children's Convalescent Hospital, Washington.





Mrs. Arthur Gardner, wife of the former U. S. Ambassador to Cuba, with His Excellency Hervé Alphand, Ambassador of France.



Attorney General Robert Kennedy, dancing with Mrs. Donald Wilson.



Miss Pamela Turnure, Special Press Secretary to Mrs. Kennedy, with Postmaster General J. Edward Day, awarding prizes.

Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, mother of the First Lady, and Mr. Averell Harriman, Special Assistant to the President.





Mrs. Robert Kennedy, talking with Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon.



cisa (cheés-â) *n.* Italian: the most *favolosa* female designer extant! *adj.* the world's finest knitted fashions for the world's smartest women; available to the American market only via her man: Imports International, 1410 Broadway, New York. Three part costume $235. Pearl Lehrer East, New York and Hewlett; Hixons, Milwaukee; Estelle Allardale, Beverly Hills.



The subject is hands.

Someone once said that hands speak the language of beauty. Surely a touch, a gesture, a caress — all are eloquent.

But often hands say more than we'd like them to. For instance, an article in a top fashion magazine stated that many doctors maintained they could tell a woman's age by the appearance and condition of her hands.

If you want your hands to say lovely young things about you, give them the benefit of a really good treatment cream. It's as simple as saying, "Dorothy Gray Hormone Hand Cream." This beauty wonder not only softens, soothes, smooths and moisturizes ...but 10,000 I. U.'s of estrogenic hormones per ounce actually keep hands younger looking. Comes in a jar for home use... a tube for purse or travel.

And did you know that nail enamel is magically youthening? The newest out outshines all others for depth, gleam and durability: Dorothy Gray Fashion Finish Nail Enamel. The shades are glorious — pure, undiluted color...pale, intense or pearlized.

And the newest, nicest, neatest way to remove same? Nail Enamel Remover Pads! One package holds 12 individually foil wrapped pads. Each pad holds enough remover for 10 fingertips...plus these beauty bonuses...a moisturizer in the remover gives nails a beauty treatment...it's odorless...it travels perfectly.

That about sums up the news "at hand" from...

DOROTHY GRAY
the cherished care
for complexion and hair

MIDNIGHT FOOD

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW AND RUTH NORMAN

What has happened is this: one night, in an expansive mood—by which I mean you have had a couple of drinks—you say, "I must have some people in after the theatre next Tuesday."

All right. Comes next Tuesday and you think, God in heaven, ten people will be cluttering up the place at midnight, there are no servants, what, *what* shall I do?

Now, well, relax. You are in for it; that particular Tuesday will never return again, and you may as well enjoy yourself. These aren't the most important people in the world—these are the demi-friends, the ones you owe something to—your *real* friends, who can't possibly be more than four in number, are not the people you ask in at midnight. Still you must put on a show; there will be actresses there and people with names, for God knows you don't want to sit up till two o'clock in the morning with an unadulterated bunch of stockbrokers.

Note: up there in the second paragraph there is a pertinent phrase: no servants. So who is going to do the cooking?

Guess.

But this brings up another problem. If you are going to do the cooking, can you also go to the theatre? While the recipes that follow are capable for the most part of early preparation, still if you have had to fight for a taxi, rush around when you get home, light the gas and take things out of the icebox, your pleasure in your party is apt to be limited.

No. The thing to do is stay home, take a bath, read a book, have a nice comfortable drink, and *be ready*.

There are many and happy consolations in not going to the theatre, and I have, over the last couple of months, been making note of some of them. One or two may strike a chord of response.

For instance: I know a quite worldly dame who refuses to go to any play in which the actors perform in bare feet. "It is not," she told me, "that I have the least objection to bare feet. It is simply that through long and painful experience I have discovered that plays done in bare feet are no good. Without exception. Why this should be so I hesitate to conjecture. I only know that when I am invited to the theatre I never ask who the author is, but *do the actors wear shoes?*"

Perhaps I should have started with the famous speech Elliott Nugent made to Margaret Sullavan in *The Voice of the Turtle*. He doesn't, he says, like "plays about men who are paralyzed from the waist down. Plays where a lot of people all get caught together in a catastrophe. A flood, or an earthquake, or an air raid, and all face death in a lump. There's always a prostitute in those plays, have you noticed? Usually a clergyman, too. That's what's called 'taking a cross section of humanity' "

Can't we add to that, plays in which the characters have no names—but are listed merely as Old Man, Old Woman, Girl with Baby Carriage?

And plays in which the wife and the mistress have a civilized conversation?

And—isn't this universally accepted—any musical comedy made from a work of Molière?

Of course there is the question of *King Lear*. I believe any invitation whatsoever to a production of *King Lear* should be weighed very carefully. Some characters in a novel of Angela Thirkell's go to see *Lear* and solve their problem by leaving before it is over. In the taxi going home this leads to a discussion of playgoing in general, in which one of them says: "If there is one pleasure on earth which surpasses all others, it is leaving a play before the end. I might perhaps except the joy of taking tickets for a play, dining well, sitting on after dinner, and finally not going at all. That, of course, is very heaven."

I myself have been noticing, with increasing puzzlement and irritation, that plays in which actors brush their hair forward are apt to be unendurable. As with the inflexible bare-foot rule, I do not know why this should be so. Can it be that the kindly actor, in his endearing desire to be entertaining, seeks to divert one from the deficiencies of the script with a *comb* and *brush?* As a theory that doesn't seem to hold much water; but I must say that in good plays actors leave their hair alone.

Before we hand out the mid-

(Continued on page 41)

U.S. Lines



fastest route for fun and fashion

B. H. Wragge's fashions, on the following pages, at stores below. Take them Caribbean cruising on s.s. United States January 29, February 16 or s.s. America March 7, 20, April 23!

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Baton Rouge, La.	Goldring's
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BACK ON THE BANKS OF THE CHARLES

BY E. J. KAHN, JR.

It is ungentlemanly, I am aware, to refer publicly to a lady's age, but I can not proceed without stating baldly that my wife was graduated from college in 1937. So was I. She went to Emerson, in Boston, on the west bank of the Charles River. I went to Harvard, in Cambridge, on the east bank, but never did we twain meet as undergraduates.

As the spring of 1962 approached, we inevitably got to discussing which of our conflicting Twenty-fifth College Reunions it would be more suitable for us and our three children to attend.

Since we have only boys, the oldest and youngest of whom are unswervingly aiming at Harvard, I naturally figured the question would be—well—academic. But I ran into an unexpected show of pro-Emerson sentiment, fostered, understandably, by my wife, who thought Harvard, being Harvard, would be too stodgy, and that Emerson would be more fun; and devilishly seconded by our middle son, who has all his life been enamoured of Dartmouth.

The rest of us held out mulishly for Harvard, and with some justification: not only had our whole family been told by members of older Crimson classes what a bang-up party Harvard annually throws for its Twenty-fifth-year graduates, but Harvard had nearly drowned us under a flood of invitational literature, and had put on an alluring series of what the middle boy derisively called "pre-reunion warm-up get-togethers." At one of these, I thought I had scored a point over my wife when, after she had shaken hands with Harvard's President Nathan Pusey, I had badgered her into confessing she didn't even know the name of Emerson's incumbent.

With graduation time less than a week away, I proposed a compromise. Why not go to *both* reunions, I suggested, stopping off first at Harvard, since it was the only one of the two academies that had said anything about furnishing accommodations? (Harvard had even agreed to put up our dog.) My wife sportingly assented, and after leaving our dog with an elegant veterinarian to whom Harvard had referred us (we got the dog back perfumed), we headed toward my reunion headquarters, in Cambridge, late one evening. We got there too early to register, but after glimpsing the hats, ties, handbags, and other handsome and utile plumage Harvard proposed to adorn us with during our stay, my wife said she'd be content to hang around until the following forenoon, so we could pick up some loot.

Upon registering, the next morning, my wife learned that the Boston Pops Orchestra would be giving a special concert for my class at Symphony Hall that evening. The mention of the Pops brought back to her fond memories of her New England cultural life, and she said she supposed Emerson could wait another day.

During the performance that night, I excused myself from the main-floor table at which we were sitting and wandered up to the balcony, where class members' children were congregated, to see how our sons were faring. (They had a tightly organized schedule of their own, and we hadn't seen them all day.) They were faring great, I was told. The Dartmouth-oriented boy said, beaming, that he'd spent an hour or so that afternoon shagging flies with the Harvard varsity nine, just as I'd predicted. After recovering from that shock, I made some lighthearted remark about how the episode might stand him in good stead when he matriculated in New Hampshire. He retorted, sharply, "Who ever said I'd made up my mind definitely to go to Dart—*Look!*" He was staring popeyed at the floor below. I glanced down and saw my wife and a class-tie-wearing partner, accompanied by Arthur Fiedler and his entire orchestra, doing the Twist. I rushed back downstairs and got there just as she was resuming her seat. "Gee," she said, "Emerson was never like *this!*" Neither was Harvard.

The logistics alone of a Harvard Twenty-fifth Reunion are awesome. Our reunion was, in brief, a five-day, practically non-

(Continued on page 47)



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MIDNIGHT FOOD

(Continued from page 28)

night recipes, let me remind you of an old-fashioned remedy for that original expansive impulse of yours: you can have food sent in. In any little town there is that competent widow who will trundle around a basket full of chicken, and in every city agile deliverymen arrive instantly with—well, chicken probably.

Now, some recipes:

CRABMEAT IN SKILLET

1 pound crabmeat
2 tablespoons butter
Juice of half a lemon
Salt and pepper to taste
Jigger of cognac
Dash of paprika

Heat the butter and the lemon juice in a skillet, add the crabmeat, salt, and pepper. Now shake the skillet constantly so that the flavours mingle. Finally, when the crabmeat is hot, you can flame it with the cognac if you like, then dust it with paprika and serve on buttered toast.

Serves four.

BAKED CRAB

1 pound crabmeat
4 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup heavy cream
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
Dash of tabasco
½ cup grated sharp cheese

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, and cream. Mix all the other ingredients *except cheese* into the sauce. Pile into shells or a casserole and cover with the cheese. Bake in a medium oven until cheese melts and begins to brown. You may prepare this dish well ahead and refrigerate it until ready to heat.

Serves four to six.

MUSHROOMS STUFFED WITH CHICKEN

12 large mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup chopped chicken
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt, pepper, and tarragon to taste
2 tablespoons grated sharp cheese

Remove the stems from the mushrooms and wipe the caps. Melt the butter and add it to all other ingredients except cheese. Fill the caps, sprinkle them with the cheese. Place them in an oiled baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees until tender—about 20 minutes.

Serves four.

QUICHE OF CLAMS—CLAM PIE

Line a pie tin with whatever pastry you know how to make.

For the filling:

2 seven-ounce cans minced clams
2 teaspoons grated shallots or onion
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
4 whole eggs plus 2 yolks
2 cups light cream
A dash of nutmeg

Drain the clams, reserve the liquid, and arrange the clams, shallots, and parsley on the pastry. Beat the eggs thoroughly. Add the cream, clam juice, nutmeg, and stir. Pour the mixture over the clams, shallots, and parsley. Bake (375 degrees) until the custard sets and is golden. About 35 minutes.

For four, six, or twelve, as an hors d'oeuvre.

CURRIED CAPON

4 cups cooked, minced capon
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 onion, minced
4 cups chicken stock
4 tablespoons curry powder
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste
Dash of cayenne

Brown the onion slightly in the butter. Add the flour, curry powder, and stock. Let it thicken over a slow fire, stirring it, until it has the consistency of heavy cream. Add the seasonings and parsley and the capon and simmer.

Serve with boiled rice to which you have added a generous amount of chutney.

Serves six to eight.

CANTONESE SPARERIBS

Allow at least half a pound of lean spareribs for each person—separating the ribs. Marinate them for at least two hours in a mixture of equal parts of honey and soy sauce plus a jigger of gin.

Drain them and bake at 350 degrees for an hour, basting them frequently with the marinade.

PROSCIUTTO WITH ARTICHOKE HEARTS

Prepare a platter of lightly

(Continued on page 56)

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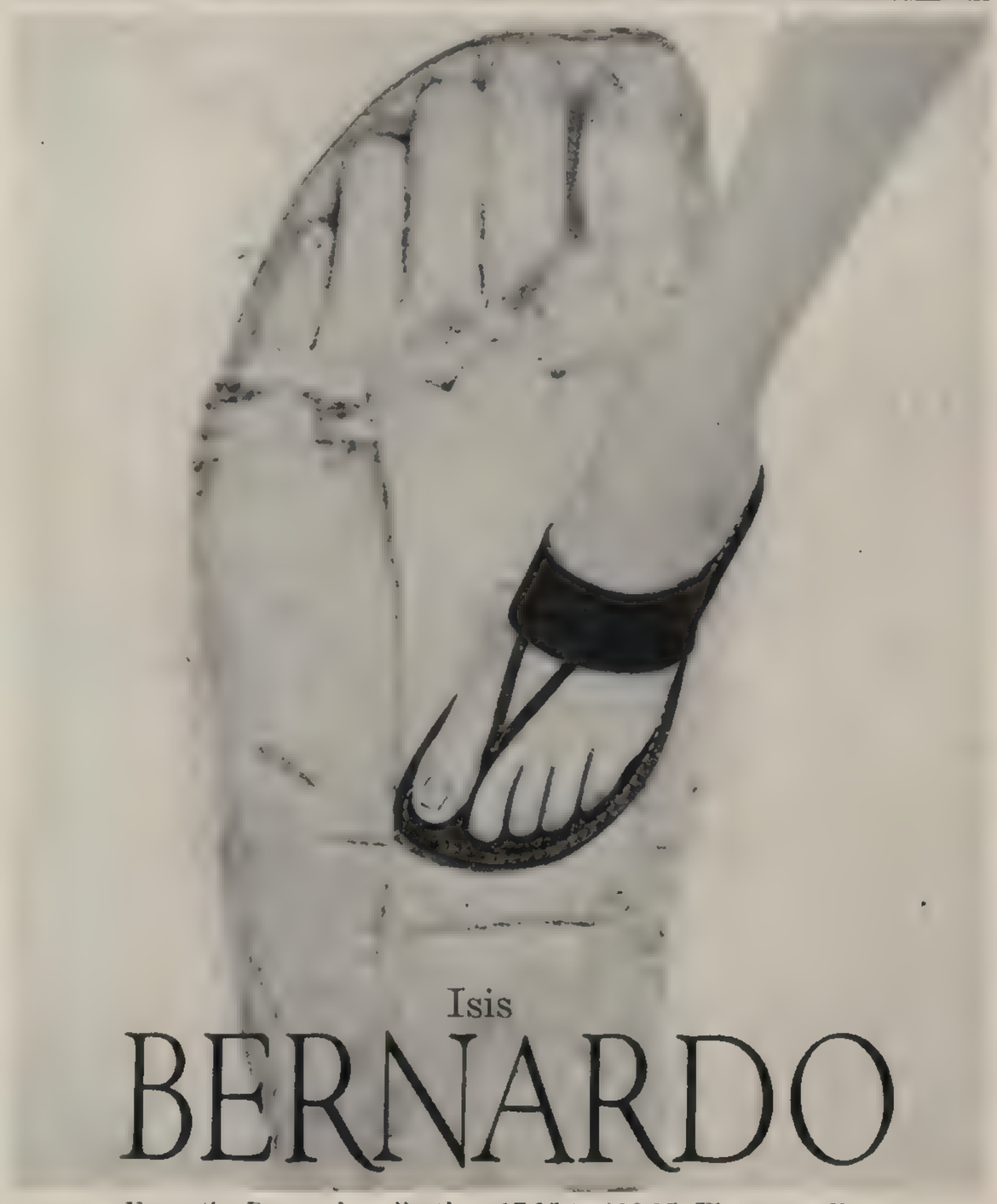


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TREK TO TUNISIA

BY LANFRANCO RASPONI

It is now barely a one-hour flight from Rome to Tunis by Caravelle, a short time indeed to be geared to the great change in mood from Europe to North Africa. Tunisia is an enchanted land and the transition from a prized French colony to an independent republic has been done smoothly and well. With a government friendly to the West, one feels welcome everywhere, and with a favourable exchange living expenses are reasonable. There are excellent hotels with new ones rising all the time. The French left behind superb roads; even in the interior touring by automobile is easy. French is spoken everywhere and also a good deal of English.

Much like that of Sicily, the climate veers toward mild winters and warm summers, making beaches magnificent for swimming from April until November. The only tourists who appear to have discovered Tunisia in a big way are the Germans; I had no difficulty obtaining rooms. Travelling by car is, of course, the best way, but there are bus services connecting all the towns and often community taxis. In addition, a railway runs along the coast from Tunis to Gabès.

Although Arab restaurants are in evidence, there are still French eating places and bistros in all of the towns. Tunisians are as proud of their French education as they are of their superb Roman ruins, their beautiful mosques and minarets, their Mohammedan heritage, and their independence. This is a nation on the march.

In spite of the new constitution which gives women every sort of freedom, outside the capital women are never seen in public places; on the streets they are deeply veiled. At the crowded coffee houses and cinemas the clients are ninety-nine per cent masculine. Tunisians adore talking and go out of their way to converse with strangers. In the two weeks I spent there, I was amazed at the liveliness of their conversation, their sense of humour, and their widespread interests. The men have a passion for flowers, particularly for jasmine. They play cards in cafés with a tiny jasmine bouquet tucked over one ear or stuck under their caps and the high-pitched cry of "jasmine!" by vendors echoes along the streets of every town and village immediately after sunset.

TUNIS: minarets and mosques, French bistros, the Alaoui Museum.

Tunis, the capital, rimming a ravishing bay, is essentially French with large shaded avenues and solid, spacious, but not particularly notable, early twentieth-century buildings. In the native quarters life has changed little in five hundred years.

Everywhere there are enchantments: charming archways, delicately latticed windows, spiked doors of cedar or pine, exquisitely sculptured wooden balconies. Dating from the eighth century, the Grande Mosquée towers over the entire *medina*; its various buildings include a library of two hundred thousand books. The Mosque of Sidi Youssef with its octagonal minaret and the richly stuccoed tomb of Princess Aziza Othmana, is especially beautiful.

On a thickly wooded conic hill the lusciously green park of the Belvedere affords a splendid view of the city, the bay, and the lake. It should be seen at sunset, extraordinary in this part of the world. As the sky goes through its variations of scarlet, a remarkable clarity hangs over everything, as if some colossal enlarging lens were mysteriously at work, until night falls rapidly. The city then ceasing to be on fire, sparkles with a thousand lights.

The masterpiece of Tunis is the Alaoui Museum in the former royal Bardo Palace a few miles out of the city. One of the great museums of the world with superbly preserved mosaic floors, it has room after room unfolding incredible remnants of various antique civilizations, most notably treasures found, in 1913, by coral fishermen in the Gulf of Mahdia, on a Roman ship. It was wrecked there with a huge cargo of Greek art on its way from Athens to Italy. Among the fabled bronzes and marbles, considerably corroded by the sea, is an unforgettable mask of a satyr.

CARTHAGE: Punic statues with sphinxlike smiles.

There are many towns along the bay of Tunis, all connected by a well-run railway, with villas encased by gardens, bordering attractive beaches. One of them is modern Carthage. Here among the Roman ruins stand vestiges of a colossal bathing place built by Emperor Antoninus Pius, a theatre, a charming antiquarium. The vast Museum Lavigerie shows many vivid Punic remains, especially the extraordinary ivory sculptured faces of Carthaginians with penetrating eyes and sphinx-like smiles.

SIDI-BOU-SAÏD: sun-white houses with blue shutters, thick gardens to the sea.

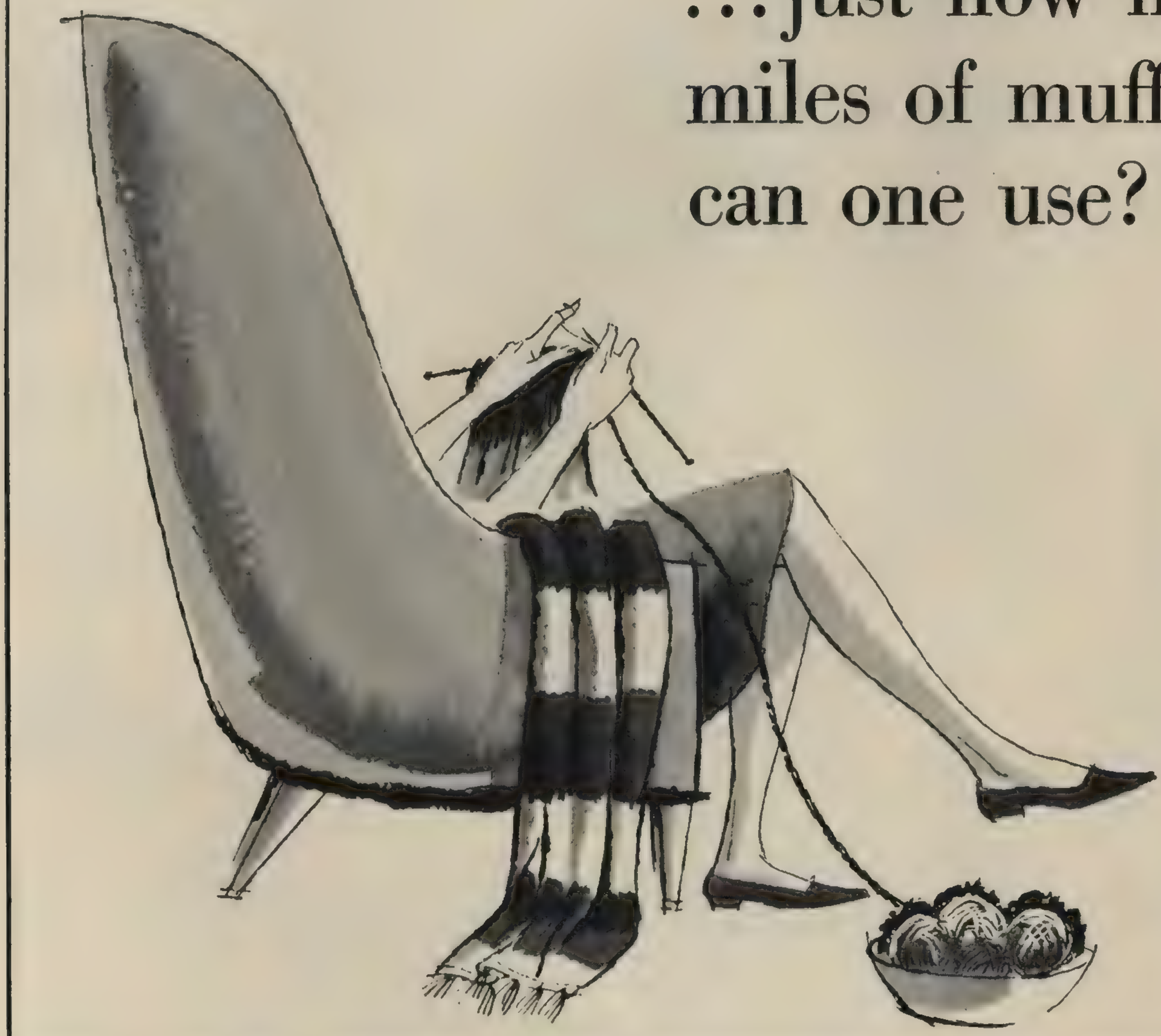
At the very end of the bay, twelve miles from Tunis, the village of Sidi-Bou-Saïd is a kind of Shangri-La belonging to a dream world. Rising on a hill from the blue sea, Sidi-Bou-Saïd has terrace after terrace of violently white houses with bright blue shutters, emerging from thick gardens of hibiscus, bougainvillaea, and jasmine—narrow, lean cypress trees reach like exclamation points on the horizon.

To walk in Sidi-Bou-Saïd is to be transported into a set no theatre could possibly afford. In the Hotel Dar Zarrouk, formerly a palace, every room is a delight, from the tiled floors to the teakwood furniture. It is a stone's throw from the ancient Café Maure, reached by steep steps, where Tunisians go at night to rest on straw-matted stone benches and to drink sweetened mint tea. Often here, and at another café further down the hill, musicians give concerts of lovely old Arab music, some of the songs brought here when the Moors left Spain.

HAMMAMET: above the beach, a chocolate-coloured citadel, rich villas smothered in foliage.

The Gulf of Hammamet, an hour's drive from Tunis, surely must have been patterned after some corner of paradise. Among its beauties are pale-blue mountains in the distance which at dawn and dusk turn violet. Thick groves of olive trees, bent into curious shapes frame a magnificent beach with an Arab town encased in a fortified chocolate-coloured citadel. The sea, a deep blue, has amethyst streaks because of the currents. All the villas, including the celebrated one George Sebastian built and recently sold to the Tunisian government, and

(Continued on page 44)



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LARRY ALDRICH

TREK TO TUNISIA

(Continued from page 42)

the hotels are smothered with exuberant foliage. With the exception of bathing and visiting the Arab town and its enchanting cemetery sprawling out into the sea, there is little to do at Hammamet, and yet it's most difficult to tear oneself away. Time seems to stand still and one stands still with it. The sight of the lean bodies of the fishermen and their wives, hauling in their cargoes from the sea, is unforgettable.

KAIROUAN: Holy City of Islam, a massive mosque, rugs hand-loomed to Arab music.

Kairouan was my next stop. A two-hour drive from Hammamet, the holy city rises from the parched earth, an oriental vision of cupolas, domes, and minarets behind mud-coloured walls. The first thing one sees driving into the town is the huge old water reservoir of the Aghlabites. All the houses in the narrow *medina* have their windows and doors painted a violent, vibrant blue. Regardless of its bulk, the Grande Mosquée, or Djamaa Sidi Okba, dating from the ninth century, is magnificent.

A huge court leads to the mosque with its lovely granite and porphyry columns, its Byzantine capitals, its stupendous sculptured cedar doors. From the top of the massive minaret one sees for hundreds of miles. As Kairouan is the holiest of Tunisian cities, it has endless cemeteries—for everyone in North Africa, who can afford it, wants to be buried there.

Smaller and more personal, the enchanting Mosque of Zaouïa, of Sidi Sahab, was built centuries later. Rambling courtyards and a charming minaret exude happiness through gay tiles, exquisite wooden ceilings in the rich Maghribi style, and a stucco cupola, its arabesques daring, imaginative, lace-like. There are several factories where rugs are made by women working on old-fashioned looms to the beat of monotonous Arab music.

SOUSSE and MONASTIR: beauties by the sea.

Sousse and Monastir, two nearby cities on the sea, are a short distance from Kairouan. Both are exotic and rewarding. Sousse's ramparts, which date from Byzantine times, are almost as impressive as those of Istanbul; its Roman museum, a Bardo Palace in miniature. For here, too, are Roman mosaics, spectacular in conception and wonderfully well preserved. On everyone's list is the Arab Art Museum in the old fortress; here a rare collection of china, textiles, and coins, as well as miles and miles of Christian catacombs.

As Monastir is the birthplace of President Bourguiba, it is understandable that the founder of the new Tunisia is doing everything in his power to bring prestige to his city. Huge public works are in the planning stage; a colossal presidential palace is being rushed to completion. New highways lead into the city of new hotels, a new museum has been opened in the old fort by the sea, and the huge mausoleum the President built for himself and his family rises newly in an old Arab cemetery. Nothing could be prettier than the promenade along the horseshoe-shaped bay framed on one side by sandy beaches, on the other by the old town within ancient walls.

EL DJEM: a Roman amphitheatre for sixty thousand, the grandest in North Africa.

It is best to take the inner road to reach Sfax from Monastir in order not to miss El Djem, the largest Roman amphitheatre in North Africa. By imagining the Roman Coliseum placed alone in the desert, you will have an idea of the extraordinary impact of El Djem.

The amphitheatre seated sixty thousand people and how and why it was built remains a mystery as there was never a town near enough to warrant so overwhelming a structure. It has three well-preserved arcades, Corinthian semi-columns, and terraces of honey-coloured stone—the whole an elegant, breathtaking achievement of engineering and architectural skill.

SFAX to GABÈS: fishing villages, sidewalk cafés, an oasis.

Sfax is reminiscent of Sousse and Monastir. Also on the sea among olive groves, its *medina* of enchanting mosques and palaces is surrounded by tremendous walls and towers. Again, an excellent museum houses Roman finds; the former French city, luminous and open, has lots of sidewalk cafés and restaurants.

Although it is a long way from Sfax to Gabès and the island of Djerba, the road is magnificent, the scenery compelling. Crossing rich orchards, then rocky multi-coloured canyons, one arrives at Gabès, an extraordinary oasis by the sea. Here, the light shines so powerfully that the beaches in and around Gabès take on a strange radiance, tricking the eye into quasi-mirages. On the way to Djerba, one must see, in Médenine, the Ghorfas, oddly original three- and four-storey houses and depots. Every roof is a vaulted cupola giving the outside effect of round waves in brick.

DJERBA: an amber-earthed island, white houses, one hotel—a former palace.

Djerba, an island at the southeast end of Tunisia, is supposedly the isle of the lotus-eaters described in Homer's *Odyssey*. At El Djorf, a tiny hamlet with a pink cliff, one crosses the sea, a hundred different shades of blue dotted by vessels with triangular sails. An old-fashioned ferry quickly arrives at a perfectly flat island of amber-coloured earth filtered silver from the olive trees. To walk along the streets by moonlight is a wonderful experience. White dominates everything: the long white tunics of men, the white veils of women, the squares, the streets, the mosques, the minarets, the walls, the balconies, the pavements. A recently converted palace on the outskirts of the town, the Hotel Dar Faiza, facing the sea and the old fortress, is particularly attractive when moonlight floods one's room at night, and winds rustle through palm fronds.

SEVEN ROMAN CITIES: temples and triumphal arches, grazing camels, winged women in stone.

Most of the great Roman ruins of Tunisia lie inland. After leaving Djerba for the mainland, I returned to Sfax and started my swing into the interior. Sbeitla came first, a vast mass of Roman ruins where camels graze around a soaring arch ordered by Diocletian and Antoninus Pius. The group of temples, hidden behind large triumphal doors, is Sbeitla's glory; the structural elegance of the small golden temples of Minerva, Jupiter, and Juno is as delicate and airy as the sharp, high air surrounding them. There are also several thermae, a theatre, palaces, and other temples to visit before continuing on to Maktar, which is higher than Sbeitla. Here

(Continued on page 56)

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BACK ON THE BANKS OF THE CHARLES

(Continued from page 39)

stop party for—including women and children—more than two thousand celebrants. One of my sons told me later the frolic cost two hundred thousand dollars, forty thousand of which went for liquor alone, but he may have been exaggerating. Kids will do that. In any event, it was a glorious shindig—comparable, I should say, to travelling first-class on a transatlantic luxury liner exclusively populated by one's friends—and as it progressed I began to feel increasingly sorry we'd have to abandon ship, sooner or later, and make an over-water transfer to the S. S. Emerson.

Our departure from Harvard was deferred, however, at my wife's request, after she had studied another day's schedule: lectures in the morning, class picnic, Harvard-Yale baseball game, cocktail party, dinner-dance, and, preceding the game, a father-and-son parade from Cambridge across the Charles River to Soldiers' Field, our home stadium—with the Harvard band leading the way. Our womenfolk were slated to rejoin us at Soldiers' Field, and my wife said she certainly wanted to stick around my reunion long enough to have another look at that high-priced band.

It rained most of that day, and the ball game was cancelled, but we men and boys marched across the river nonetheless. Men love a parade. At Soldiers' Field, failing to spot my wife, I assumed she had taken shelter from the elements in some such edifying refuge as the Widener Library. I betook myself there, but couldn't find her. Could she have sneaked off to Emerson, I wondered? I was not long in doubt. Emerging from the Library, I ran into a couple of classmates who at once extended me their congratulations. On what?, I asked. I must be kidding, they said; didn't I *know*? Nearly everybody but me, it developed, knew by then that my wife had just triumphantly led the Harvard band, without missing a beat, in an unscheduled parade from Soldiers' Field to Harvard Square—a good half-mile strut.

Since dismissing her band, she had studied a list of forthcoming Harvard reunion events and had ascertained that I was to be an aid at a lunchtime spread, the last day of our '37 get-together, for those returning Harvard alumni from classes antedating the Fiftieth Reunion class—from, that was, 1911 on back. "I ran into one of the old-timers not long after my parade," she told me. "He's a darling. He's seen every Harvard-Yale football game since 1891. You must be sure to look him up at the Spread. Think of it! Seventy consecutive Yale games! And *you've* hardly seen *half* of yours!" I felt terrible.

At the Spread, I did meet up with her friend, or a man who closely fitted her description. He said he'd been to seventy Yale games, several of which he recreated in dramatic detail, and he added that there was rumoured to be a rival Harvard man who claimed to have been to all the games since *1890*. "But I was talking to this woman from your class," he went on, "and when I mentioned this other fellow, she was kind enough to ask if there were any living witnesses to his having been at that seventy-first game. When I said no, I didn't know of any, she said, 'Well, then, we have only his unsupported word for it, don't we? We know *you* were there, and as far as *I'm* concerned *you're* the record-holder.' What a charming woman! What a Harvard wife!" I felt wonderful.

The dinner-dance was a merry affair, and I had a hard time keeping track of my wife, as she spun gaily from the arms of Perry This to those of Gibby That or Tucky So-and-so—classmates whom I'd never laid eyes on and, without an introduction from her, might still not know.

I was glad, that night, to be able to do her one reciprocal favour, and to repay her in small part for her self-sacrificial abandonment of her own college. A classmate's wife I was dancing with turned out to be Emerson '37, and I proudly presented her to my wife. The informal reunion they at once began, at my urging, did not get off to a notably good start. The two old grads appeared to have very little to say about Emerson, and it was only after they'd switched to a much more recent shared experience that their eyes began to mist over. I left them at a table together, chirping away in sororal harmony, and I understand that before they parted they vowed they would see one another again soon—if not sooner, without fail at their Fiftieth Harvard Reunion in 1987.



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CAN A NAKED WOMAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE CULTURAL FRONT

(REMARKS ON THE CURRENT DEBATE IN THE FINE ARTS)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article by a Hungarian is a satire, written by Somogyi. It appeared first in* Ludas Matyi, *the principal satirical weekly of Hungary, published in Budapest. Later, the American news magazine,* Atlas, *published it in this country in a translation by Anna Molnar. (It is copyrighted by Worley Publishing Company, Inc.)*

Such a naked posing of the question is justified. Hasn't the problem of whether the nude has any place in our fine arts recently been the subject of a lively dispute? Can a nude mirror a social truth, as we rightly demand from all works of art?

The answer to the question is as simple as the nose on your face. We can establish without ambiguity and with great exactitude the precise intention of the artist in painting his nudes.

If the nude shows a seated woman and bears the title "Young Girl in the Café Anna," the picture is unacceptable. No decent girl would appear naked in a busy place of entertainment.

If the nude represents a woman lying on the grass and bears the title "In a Trade Union Resort," the picture is acceptable. It clearly portrays a working woman on her well-deserved vacation—although there are deck chairs at the disposal of the allotted vacationers.

If the nude represents a standing woman and bears the title "Medical Checkup in the District Consultation Room," the picture is unacceptable. The painter strayed too far from reality. It is fiction that there is time for patients to undress in a district medical consultation room.

If the nude represents a woman taking a shower and bears the title "Mrs. H. K. in Her New Bathroom," the picture is positive, because, in addition to the feminine lines, it emphasizes the building program.

If the nude portrays a young woman standing inside a factory gate with her back to the viewer, the picture is constructive because it makes the woman face production.

If the nude shows a group of women under trees, and bears the title "Nymphs in a Forest," the picture is acceptable. It undoubtedly implies that we have already liquidated the hooligans who used to scare the daylights out of the nature lovers.

If the nude shows a young woman with a briefcase and bears the title "Newspaper Woman," the picture is proper, because the press no longer has anything to hide.

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WITH VOGUE THIS ISSUE

GRAHAM GREENE,
who wrote the short story, "Dear Dr. Falkenheim," on page 100, is a novelist, playwright, critic, and essayist, who also writes movie scripts. His twenty-fourth book, *Under the Garden and Other Stories*, will be published in London, where he lives when not off in such places as Congo leper colonies, Saigon opium dens, and potting sheds, probing, as one critic said, "the temper and tragedy of his age, the stricken weathers of its soul."

PENELOPE GILLIATT,
the red-haired, green-eyed movie critic of the London *Observer*, wrote, on page 124, "The New Veer: The Bad Good Films." Formerly Feature Editor of British Vogue, she is now England's most read and controversial reviewer; she detects the great, knocks off such duds as *Gigot:* "The sentimentality of the man inspires the kind of sickened recoil that children feel about relatives who bear down on them sloshed on Christmas sherry."

SHIRLEY JACKSON
writes in two veins, the dark and the light. Her short story on page 118, "Birthday Party," belongs to the lightly amusing group. Her last short story for Vogue, "All She Said Was 'Yes'," a dark-veined one in the November 1 issue, is now the subject of negotiation for a Broadway play.

"Midnight Food," an article on page 28, by **GEORGE BRADSHAW** and **RUTH NORMAN** is, for Vogue, their sixth food piece. The first five are now part of their recent book, *Cook Until Done*, which reads delightfully like a sequence of one-act comedies with stage directions for food. Solo, George Bradshaw, a tall, thin traveller, is responsible for *Practice to Deceive*, a new collection of worldly short stories on liars and art forgers; four of these stories appeared in Vogue.

MIDNIGHT FOOD

(Continued from page 41)

rolled slices of prosciutto and canned, frozen, or freshly boiled artichoke hearts. Place a teaspoon of French dressing in the centre of each heart, sprinkle with capers. Decorate the platter with Italian olives and watercress.

SMITHFIELD HAM WITH CUMBERLAND SAUCE

Cumberland Sauce

½ cup currant jelly
4 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash of cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Mix all ingredients in the upper part of a double boiler, and cook over hot water until the jelly melts. Serve this over cold slices of ham. A casserole of candied yams to which a half-cup of mashed peanuts has been added is good with this.

CHEESE FONDUE

(To be made in a chafing dish or an electric skillet.)

1 pound grated Gruyère cheese
Clove of garlic
2 cups of good, dry, white wine
2 ounces cognac or kirsch
Tabasco or cayenne
Buttered toast squares (bite size)

Rub the pan with the clove of garlic. Put in the cheese, add the wine and seasonings. Keep stirring with a wooden spoon or spatula. When it has reached the bubbly stage add the cognac and turn the heat to low.

Actually, if you are using a chafing dish, you had better make the fondue in a double boiler first. In any case, when the mixture is made, you must keep some sort of low heat under it, or it will become stringy.

You serve this, of course, with the buttered toast squares or small hunks of French bread stuck on a fork. Each guest stands around and dunks.

GUMBO SOUP

1 onion, chopped
¼ pound salt pork, diced
1 cup cooked chicken or ham, diced
1 quart strong chicken broth
10 okra, peeled and chopped
1 pint cream
Tabasco
Chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste

Try out the pork. When the pieces are browned, remove and reserve. Cook the onion in the pork fat until wilted. Add the chicken, or ham, the broth, okra, and tomatoes. Simmer gently until the okra are tender. Add a dash of tabasco, salt and pepper and stir in the cream. Reheat. Garnish with the parsley.

A hearty mess.

CŒUR À LA CRÈME

1 pound cottage cheese
1 pound cream cheese
2 cups heavy cream

Combine the cheeses and the cream and work them together until they are smooth. Put the mixture in a heart-shaped basket lined with damp cheesecloth and let it drain in the refrigerator at least six hours.

To serve, unmould the cheese and surround it with fresh, sugared strawberries.

The only thing difficult about this dessert is finding that heart-shaped basket. If you can't, a round one will do.

Serves eight.

PEPPERMINT BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package gelatine
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ pound peppermint candy, crushed
½ pint cream, whipped

Dissolve the gelatine in a quarter of a cup of milk. Scald the rest of the milk in the top of a double boiler with the salt and the candy. When the candy is melted, remove from the fire and stir in the dissolved gelatine. Cool and as it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream. Pour into chilled mould. It will take several hours to set—overnight is better. Unmould and serve with hot chocolate sauce.

TREK TO TUNISIA

(Continued from page 44)

the air is cold with thick white clouds everywhere. In Maktar, the grey imposing stones of the forum, basilica, and tombs—the elongated Roman sepulchrum leans on one side like the tower of Pisa—are difficult to distinguish from the grey rocky terrain on which they are built.

Bulla Regia is important because of its subterranean villas. The Romans built double residences, one out of doors for the winter, and one underground for the long hot summers. The latter, with their patios and mosaic pavements, give a precise view of Roman colonial life.

Dougga, the most interesting of these archaeological centres, looks from a mountain onto a fertile valley. Hanging over that valley, the theatre, magnificent in proportion, aristocratic to the core, has a narrow stage encased in columns. This, however, is merely one of the wonders in store. Four long, elegant columns hold an enchanting frieze. Emerging from an olive grove is the temple of Celestis and the thermae of endless vaulted corridors, porticos, and courtyards. A descent into the valley brings one to an obelisk and winged women in stone, part of a stunning Punic Numidian mausoleum.

The next set of ruins, Thuburbo Majus, is in another vein, rather a lively allegretto after a solemn adagio. The countryside changes to a series of amusing, Japanese looking, conical hills and the ruins turn gay with multicoloured stones ranging from porphyry to marble. A joyousness here reflects in the capitolium, the forum, the temples, and the various private houses. These must have been happy people leading happy lives.

Djebel el Oust, now being excavated, is a fascinating site. The same boiling mineral waters which make it a popular thermal place these days were equally appreciated by the Romans who built a watering place here.

In Utica (where Cato the Younger committed suicide) half way between Bizerte and Tunis, mosaic pavements have been assembled just outside the museum. As a gardener pours water over them the miracle of these Roman creations unfolds. The tiny bits of mosaic take on beautiful shades and shapes, making one enormously grateful to the golden sands of North Africa which protected and preserved so many of its treasures.

The prettiest dresses are going South right now in crisp and cool Belgian Linen in a flower show of colors. Left: The easy sheath in CORNFLOWER BLUE/light blue/white; PINK/raspberry/white; EGGSHELL/melon/rust. Sizes 10-20. Right: The natural dress (with self-color string belt not shown) in shrimp, turquoise, luggage—all trimmed in white. Sizes 8-18. About $45 each. At these and other fine stores or write Roberta Dresses, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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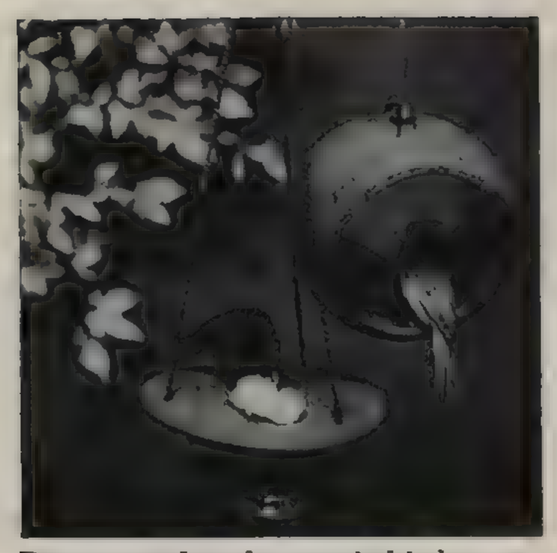
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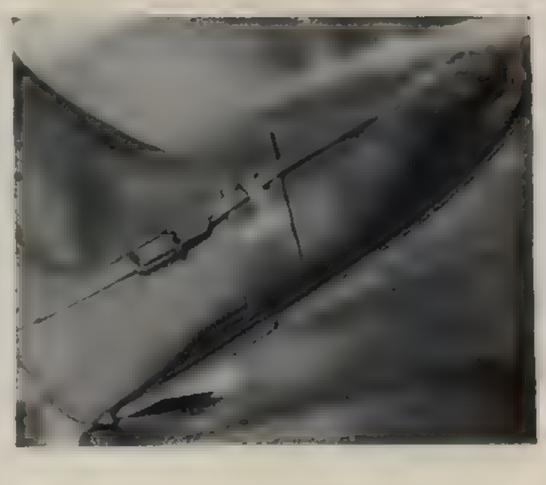
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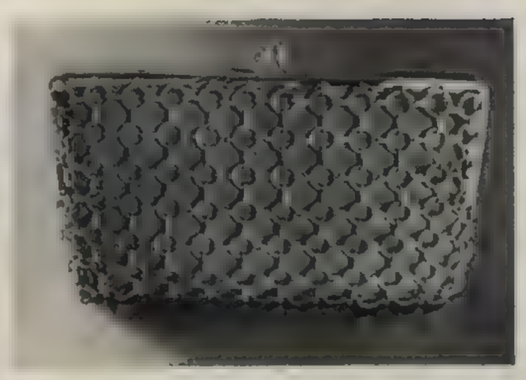


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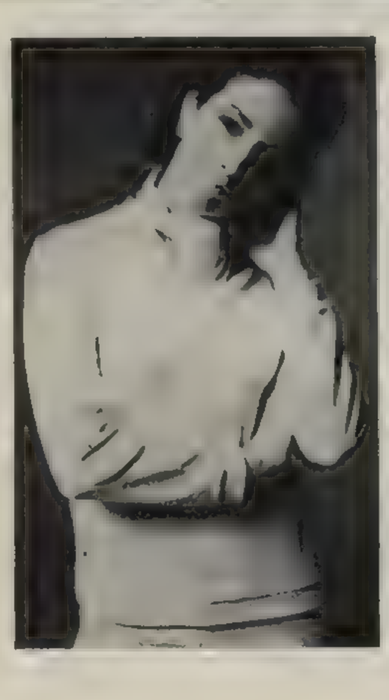
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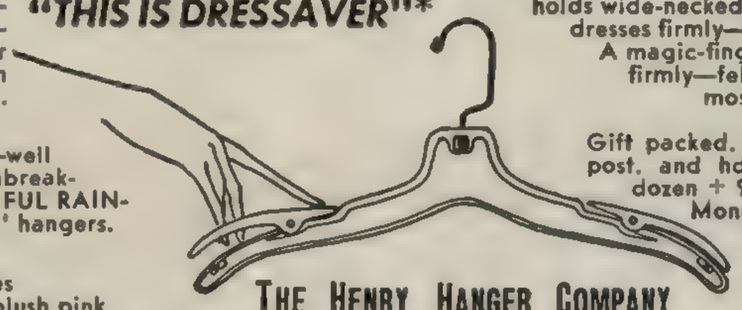
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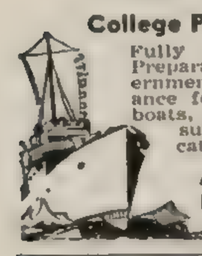
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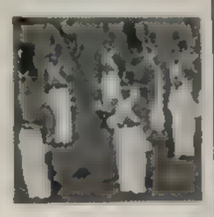
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Billings, Mont.....The Gregory Shop
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Birmingham, Mich...Bloomfield Fashion Shop
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Bloomington, Ill.....Paul Anderson
Bloomington, Ind.....The King's Shop
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Boulder, Colo.....Brooks Fauber
Bozeman, Mont.....Angionette's
Bridgeport, Conn.....Arcade Dress Shop
Buffalo, N. Y.....Jenny
Burlington, Iowa.....J. S. Schramm
Butler, Pa.....The Vogue of Butler
Canton, Ohio..George-Ann's Specialty Shop
Casper, Wyo.....Kassis Department Store
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....Martin's
Chambersburg, Pa.....The Little Shop
Charleston, S. C.....Stolls Alley
Charleston, W. Va.....Betty's
Charlottesville, Va.....Hazel Eastham
Cheyenne, Wyo...National Furs and Fashion
Chicago, Ill.....Chas. A. Stevens
Chillicothe, Ohio.....Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Jenny
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Watts-Sartor-Lear
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Gray-Rose
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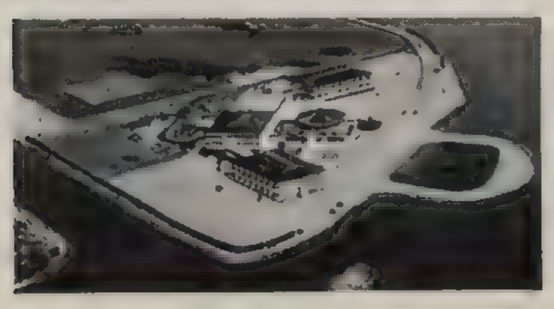
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FLORIDA

PALM BEACH

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STOWE 10

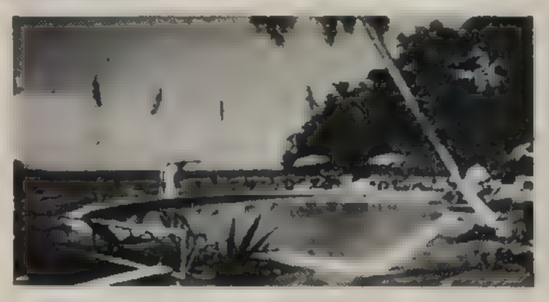


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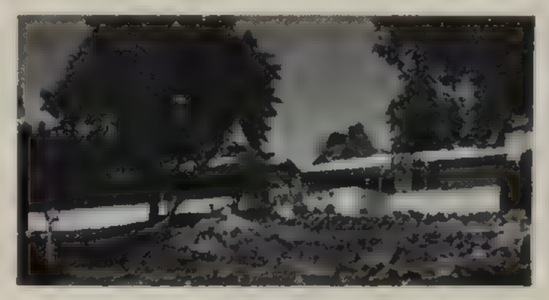
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B. H. WRAGGE takes a long view of the resort scene; for his tubular tunic dress chooses coolly elegant Moygashel linen in kumquat, newest of the citrus shades. Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; I. Magnin & Co., California & Seattle. Moygashel can also be had by the yard at the best fabric counters. Hamilton Adams Imports, Ltd., 24 W. 40th St., New York 18.



JANUARY 1, 1963

VOGUE'S EYEVIEW OF THE PRIVATE NEW YEAR

"Time has no divisions to mark its passage," wrote Thomas Mann in *The Magic Mountain.* "There is never a thunderstorm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells..." Ring bells, honk horns, crowd into already overcrowded rooms, refill glasses, pay the musicians to play overtime; anything, presumably, to avoid a moment's stillness. But the New Year actually arrives in perfect stillness, and it might be greeted that way, at least for a moment. In this stillness, it is possible to hear things that are lost in the crowded, clamorous rooms; and to feel and know other things that are unheard. It's possible to feel on your cheek, like a fresh wind, the hopeful veer of events: the quick forward surges in education, in science, in the courts of law, in the assemblies of nations. To look back with surprise and pleasure on a year in which many good things happened, and many bad things did not (war was avoided; a group of persons over sixty years old joined the Peace Corps; an election was held in which the electorate showed a bizarre, delightful tendency to think for itself)—and to look forward to the year just starting. Above all, it's possible to hear the often-disregarded voice of what you yourself think. And if any New Year's resolve is to be made, it might be to listen oftener to this voice—to be true first of all to this person: yourself. These words of Henry David Thoreau apply, we think, just as much to a woman—any woman: "What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate."



MISS LILY CUSHING POSED FOR THIS CECIL BEATON PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG GIRL WAITING — OR LISTENING — IN ABSOLUTE STILLNESS.

THE LIFE THAT'S IN FASHION...

Spot a beauty these days—at a big party, for instance, dreamy, dressed to the nines, with a jewel topping thick, straight hair; see her again the next day, and what happens? Probably this: she turns out to be a young woman of purpose, who works—give or take a string of labour-saving devices—harder than her female forebears, pioneer or otherwise; who knows more, thinks more, looks better, and—fortunately for everyone—enjoys life more than women ever have before. She's not alone, either; all across the country at almost every income level, in cities, suburbs, and deep country, certain facts characterize this lively generation: the unblushing drudgery of housekeeping is not unknown to them—mostly they know it first-hand—yet they live with style and verve; their families are often large, rarely glamourized by full-time nannies; and they all spend, with satisfaction, a measure of time working for some larger interest—community, politics, medicine, the arts, whatever. Under close grilling, the explanation for this remarkable exercise in time-stretching ranges from "Nobody plays cards in the afternoon now" to "There's been a long history of _____ in my family" to "My daughter was growing up, and I got scared" to, perhaps the simplest confession of all, "I was interested." ... If it was ever fashionable to be bored, it definitely is not the thing now. Fitness, and the fresh, breezy good looks it powers, could scarcely be in-er. Brains, (Continued on page 80)



ESSENTIAL TO THE LIFE: TIME FOR PRIVATE PLEASURES— PARK, CHILDREN. HERE, MRS. STEPHEN SMITH WITH YOUNG STEPHEN.

Prototype of the life in fashion: Mrs. Stephen Smith, opposite, racing through Central Park with her five-year-old son, one of two whom she takes on daily afternoon sprees—biking and hide-and-seek in the Park; sometimes the Children's Zoo or the Museum of Natural History. A sylphy young brunette with glinty, inquiring eyes lighting up a nice shag of bangs, Mrs. Smith—who is, as practically everyone knows, the youngest sister of President Kennedy—lives now in New York in a big, bright apartment overlooking the Park, from which she and her husband frequently shuttle down to Washington for special events, political and apolitical. Aside from the normal whirlwind of running a household that involves young children and a busy husband, she also manages a continuing interest in the Kennedy Child Study Center and the personal pleasures—golf, skiing, looking at paintings, going to the theatre.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



THE LIFE THAT'S IN FASHION...

curiously enough, are beginning to look rather well on American women—perhaps because their old association with dull tweeds is totally extinct; fashion has never been more a part of the life that's in fashion, and absolutely nobody squanders approval on well-meaning creatures who haven't absorbed the message. . . . Typical of this many-pronged life (busy but not ascetic) is Mrs. Stephen Smith, whose usual day is documented in the photographs on these pages. The youngest of a family known for vigour and handsomeness, she was, before her marriage, Jean Kennedy; speaks the phrase, "my brother," with a charming, rather shy inflection that makes it unnecessary to add "the President."

Mrs. Smith's régime, based in New York, involves—besides her husband, two pleasantly uninhibited children, and the temporary excitement of furnishing a new apartment—a social and political whirl that takes them frequently to Washington, a fondness for galleries and auctions, for the theatre, for golf and as much skiing as they can possibly manage, and a long-standing concern for the Kennedy Child Study Center, which she serves as one of a nine-member governing board and as chairman of the Auxiliary. An offshoot of the Kennedy Foundation which concentrated on custodial homes for retarded children, the Study Center was formally established, in cooperation with New York's Catholic Charities, in 1958. A combined mental health clinic and day-care centre, its primary focus is on research and parent counselling; the object, a mushrooming body of information on what can actually be done for the slow-to-develop child between the ages of four and eight. In her work with the Auxiliary, Mrs. Smith is concerned primarily with the great fund-raising benefits ("nebulous" is her word for the way this operates) such as the *Mr. President* première in Washington this winter, which racked up a record sum. As Mrs. Smith (member of the board or not), she shows a deeply personal, unshowy concern for what happens at the Center, what schools and hospitals are involved, what progress is being made in adjusting the children to lives outside the special atmosphere of the retarded. On the day Vogue's photographer followed her, she appeared on the scene mid-morning, with the day's paper still under her arm (obviously read on the road), gossiped with a sort of school-girl openness with Sister Serena, the Center's Administrator, then shot up to the roof to observe a group of seven or eight active children at play. (On the way, in one of those crotchety self-service elevators, she took in very easy stride a variety of minor mislandings, a quick chat with an engaging Irish cleaning woman carrying in her two hands what (Continued on page 153)

SEVEN STOPS IN A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MRS. STEPHEN SMITH

Opposite: Mrs. Smith, photographed during one of her regular visits to the Kennedy Child Study Center, with Sister Serena, the Center's administrator. Later the same day, she snatched most of an hour for a look at a Parke-Bernet pre-sale exhibition of French furniture and objects, marked her catalogue speculatively, talked with the staff in the special cosy jargon of the confirmed hunter, inspected a gilt clock, tried out a pair of carved and painted Louis XVI chairs covered in grey moire. Then home to a glass of ginger ale, a session with a man who had come to hang paintings. In the spacious foyer, stacked against the wall were half a dozen pictures; among them, a portrait of her ("*that's* going"), an ink and watercolour scene by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek presented to Mrs. Smith when she went with her husband on a State Department tour of the Far East.



BACK FROM THE PARK: PEELING ACTION FOR WILLIAM, AGED TWO



PAPERWORK AT HOME



PRE-SALE EXPLORATION AT PARKE-BERNET



PINK SATIN FOR THE THEATRE: "WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?"



CURTAIN RAISER: WILLIAM IN PYJAMAS

WILLIAM, LURED UPSTAIRS



BRUCE DAVIDSON





The looks in fashion...

"Nobody," wrote Cecil Beaton for Vogue, "ever looked like her before World War II . . . yet we recognize the rightness of this appearance in relation to our historical needs. And the proof is that thousands of imitations have appeared." . . . The fact is that the lively, spare, unfussed good looks of Audrey Hepburn have become the good looks of the era, the yardstick for contemporary shapes and faces. She is the modern working girl, living in the world, professional to the core, enjoying the good things she has earned, and, most telling of all, retaining her own intensely personal, unstereotyped image—everything from the soft important eyes to the delightful, indelibly English voice. . . . What goes into the Audrey Hepburn mystique? . . . When the star dust settles around her, it becomes clear to the nakedest eye that she is deeply, intelligently knowledgeable about her looks, that part of this knowledge is a great sense of what can be done with her hair, whether it's scraped up into a frilled little topknot, worn—to a great opening night—in a towering fantasy, or carved close to her small neat head. . . . Neat, but not symmetrical; it's all one with the Modigliani dancer's body, and she's learned instinctively how to tilt her head with an appealing, characteristic perk that focuses on the gazelle eyes, the exalted neck, minimizes some minor faults in the nose. . . . The eyes by the way are frankly charcoaled, heavy with lashes; the face, pale-lipped and "natural" although it takes her an hour and a half to make up (always behind closed doors). . . . Bones and discipline set the stance, the extraordinary grace of the body, clearly revealing that she started her career as a dancer; the manner of a very young ballerina conscientiously doing a barre is never lost. The dividends: an Ondine litheness; Edith Head, the Hollywood designer, maintains a dog-collar would circle her waist; yet, with slenderness, she has arms that have a delicate roundness; legs ditto, both assets for the narrow, faintly curved sheaths (Givenchy and otherwise) that have been cult symbols for the looks in fashion now. . . . Other symbols, the superb evening clothes, the black pants and outsize schoolboy pullover Hepburn has helped make famous; the crisp, immaculate simplicity; the absence of jewellery—two tiny pearl earrings seem to be the maximum. . . . And the life: consistent hard work supported by a sensible régime of rest and discipline, enlivened by occasional holidays when late hours and gaiety revive the spirit. . . .

Whatever there is about her kind of raffiné, yet off-beat beauty that tempts men to words like "waif" or "elfin," the facts are other; the illusion rests on a talent that's relatively new for young women, a gift for all the no-saying that's essential to developing real style, a fresh unspoiled assurance, and a certain reticent serenity that has always been the mark of heroines. What it gives them besides good looks is a new kind of charm—candid, informed, authentic.

1963's QUINTESSENCE: GAZELLE ELEGANCE... DISCIPLINED FITNESS... YOUTH WITH A GREAT SENSE OF CORRECTNESS... THE FASHION THAT'S AUDREY HEPBURN

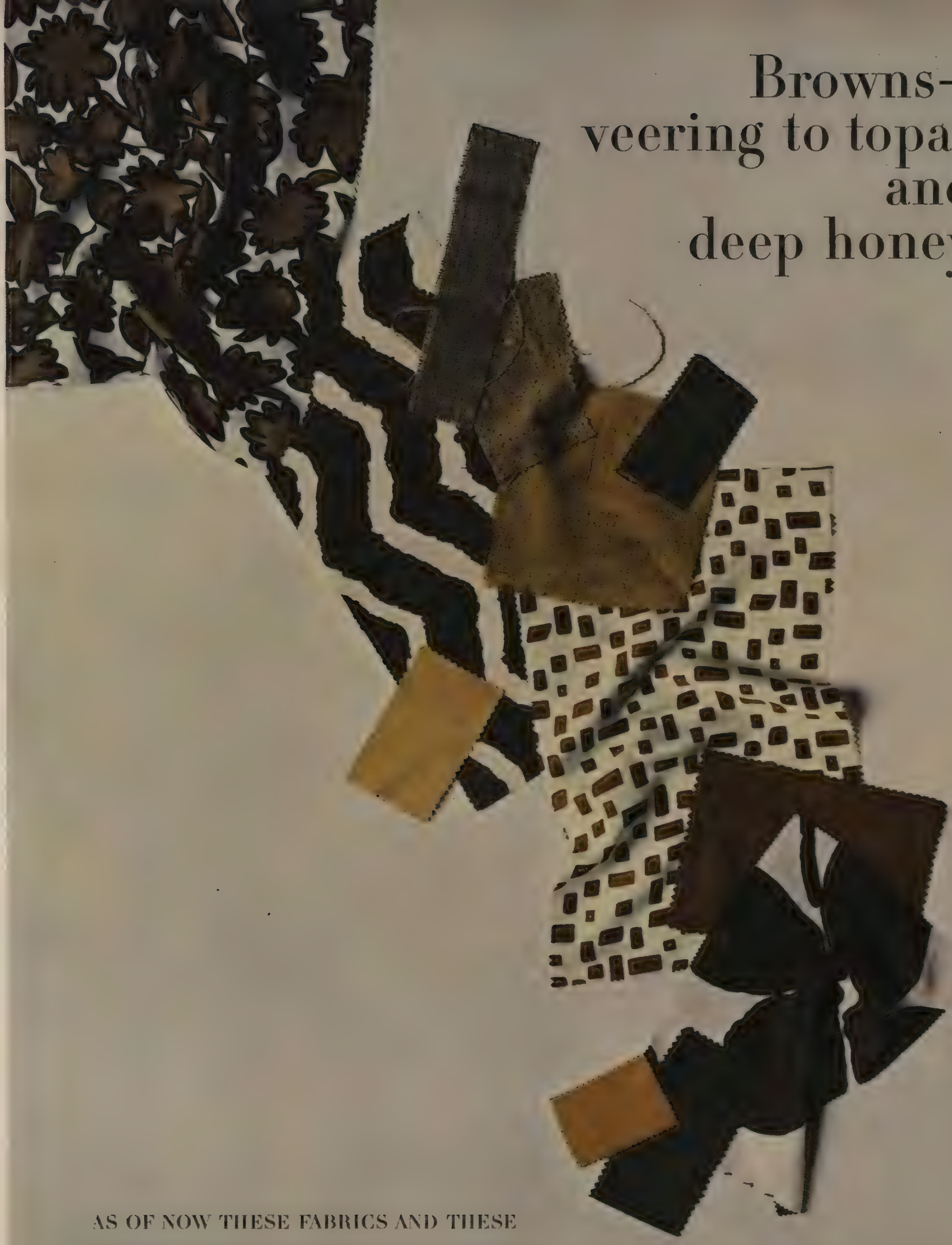
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB WILLOUGHBY ON THE MOVIE SET FOR "PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES"



Tweed at the top of the year, height of its powers: Miel-and-white (very stirring with honey, all this white) middy suit worn with a rakish new tilt of fedora—same tweed, same soft way of gentling into shape. Suit and linen blouse by Marquise, of Lesur wool. Schreiner earrings. Meyers Make gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Nicholas Ungar. Lilly Daché hat. Lipstick: Fabergé's tawny new Tigress.

BERT STERN

Browns—veering to topaz and deep honey



AS OF NOW THESE FABRICS AND THESE COLOURS ARE CLOTHES NEWS. *Details, page 151.*

Topaz-brown tweed, left, with a charming new precision of fit—all slender, easy curves, a sharp little turn of collar. By Ben Zuckerman, of Forstmann wool, loomed in America. About $215 at Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Eisenberg. Gloves by Hansen. Lipstick: Or Rose, by Lancôme. Miel-brown, right, and a happy suit-choice to make on that basis—peplum jacket, soft skirt, worn with a fedora of the same deep honey. Suit by Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo mohair-and-wool, loomed in America. About $100. Earrings by Richelieu; gloves by Superb. All at Altman's. Suit, also at Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. Lipstick: John Robert Powers Devil Pink.

BERT STERN

Topaz—
and the taste
for honey



Short, sweepingly full, honey-brown—the year could turn on a coat like this. (The coat itself actually turns, here, on a straight two-piece dress of near-white wool; picks up more fashion-speed from a fedora in the same shade of miel.) Coat, of Worumbo brushed mohair-and-nylon; about $160. The dress, about $125. Both: Laird-Knox. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's. Earrings by Accessocraft. Irene of New York hat. Frances Denney Bright Amber lipstick.

Honey—new coat consistency

BERT STERN



CACHE OF CORAL—FOR THE TOPAZ-TO-HONEY-BROWN NEWS. *Details, page 151.*

Pieces of three—
the next
suit rave

Triple exposure, here, of one of the most significant things a suit can be this year: three-piece—and significant at every exposure. The jacket—it carries the fashion-weight of a briefed greatcoat—short, bulked at the back, welt-seamed. Beneath it, the news of a loosely tailored long waistcoat that could—does, at right—make a stirring suit-look on its own. Everything happens in Linton wool tweed, the colour of exceedingly rich cream. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Bitter-brown kidskin gloves, by Van Raalte. Both: Lord & Taylor. Suit: L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Adolfo's fedora. From Marc Sinclair of Coiffures Americana: news of straight hair, ends flicked up—like an eyelash.

BERT STERN



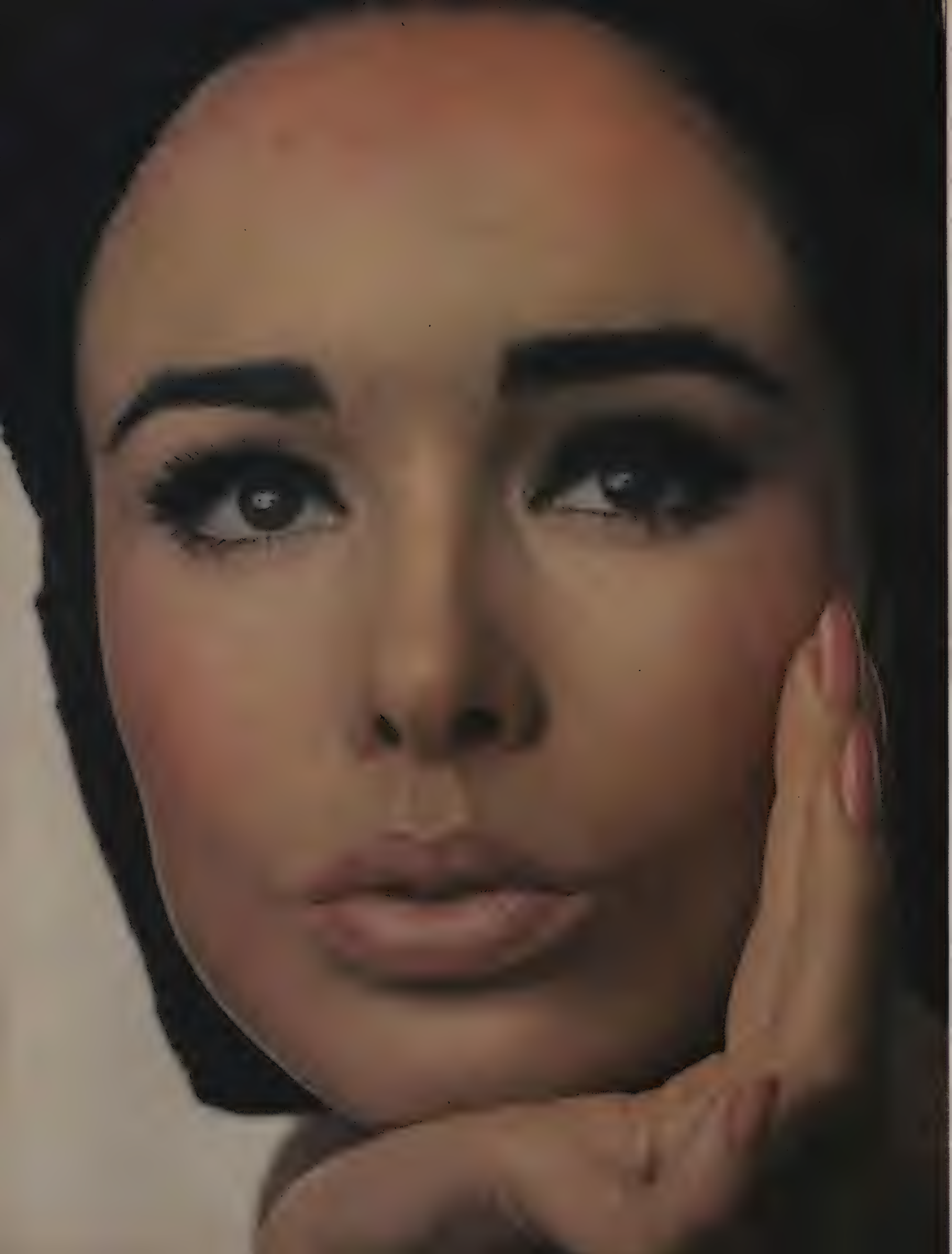
Incisive new colour, incisive new shape. Indigo blue, honed on white; the jacket—and this is a fresh way to measure suit-success—very long, very trenchantly carved. By Tiffeau & Busch, of wool suède cloth (fabric by Anglo, loomed in America); about $185. This: Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Laguna. Gloves by Wear-Right. White silk crêpe scarf by Echo. Lipstick in the indigo mood: Estée Lauder's French Raspberry. White felt fedora, by Lilly Daché.

BERT STERN

Blue—
the new
mood indigo



CLEAR, RESONANT, AND PURPLED—
1963'S BRIGHT NAVY BLUES. *Details, page 151.*





The face that's in fashion

The face that's in fashion is a real-life face—alive, wide-open, memorable not for its bones and broody bold-browed eyes, but for the fineness of its skin and its glow of good health. Newest and easiest way to have it: make it all up—with rouge. Now, if rouge is a word that makes you see red—red, as in coin-dot patches on white-clown skin—hear this: blushed high on the brow, blended into the hairline, down to the cheeks and back to the ears, under the chin and lightly into the neck, rouge—in its present forms—can flush a face out of shadows, put it directly in the light of fashion, and do it with such astonishing delicacy that the only trace of its presence is a bloom of well-being. Note, though, it's rouge in its present forms that's up for discussion here, and highly specialized forms they are. A pale liquid wash of pink, for instance, that's just enough illumination for a porcelain blonde is born to blush unseen on a cool-skinned brunette. Wanted by the owner of same: the subtle warmth that mauve or palest apricot generate. And both Jon Pierre and Tourneur can provide the warmth in a new pot-rouge form—frothy cream, and applicable with fingertips or a dampened sponge. As for the pink liquid mentioned above: it's put up in tiny vials by almost any cosmetics firm you can think of. Incidentally, rouge is not always called rouge these days—an understandable conceit in view of its dazzling new accomplishments. Hazel Bishop's rouges-in-a-tube are called Fresh 'N Bright. And the name of Fabergé's entubed dusky-coral liquid, for example, is Rosy Glow Extraordinaire—it's a name that the ash-blondes and the brown-haired of this world would do well to remember. For everybody's memory book: slippery rouges—such as those noted here—slip on over a creamy base and under powder. What goes on over powder—with a fluffy long-handled brush or a rabbit's foot—are rouges that are actually powders themselves. These are around in marvellously vitamin-rich colours—deep, but unintense, and thin as air—loose or cake-form. Theatrical drugstores are one of the homes of the former. As for companies turning out this rouge in a new cake-powder version, Dorin is one; Eileen Ford is another; Revlon is a third (Revlon calls its rouge Blush On, and if you happen to be between suntans at the moment, the password is a shade called Honey Amber). Final flick of light to apply to all forms of rouge: a barely dampened sponge dabbed on the brow, under the chin, high on the cheeks. And a final word of advice: the face that's in fashion is a face to be seen—not through heavy shadows and fantasy eyebrows. Its charm is that it faces the world—radiantly.

rouge—straightforward magic

What's magic about rouge is what's compelling about the face opposite: a face rebalanced by the light of rouge—opened up by rouge, strengthened by it, glowing with the bloom of well-being that rouge supplied. And supplied as a healthy blush is supplied: to the hairline, the ears, on the cheeks, under the chin, lightly into the neck. Result of such largesse: visible—naturally—in the photograph, left; details above.

PENN



The hair that's in fashion

Thick, strong, smooth, all-lights-on hair—that's the picture behind the picture of the hair of the year on the facing page. For day this year the right hair is hair that will comb. . . . *How do you fit into the picture?* The hairdresser who designed it is convinced—and so are we—of its friendliness, the alluring kind, not too sweet. Its success depends, of course, on the cutting skill of your hairdresser (in the caption below, some suggestions that might interest him), but the preparation for the triumph is largely your responsibility, knowing how to turn your hair into the springy exuberant stuff that's wanted; or how to direct and accept your hairdresser's conditioning advice.

"Thick, strong, all-lights-on" are words to rouse the wild indignation of thousands of women born with frail hair, but it is to some extent unrighteous indignation. Although the hair texture of heredity can't be changed—thin hair will continue to grow in just that way no matter what—once hair has grown, it can be improved. Not idealized, but bolstered and brightened, and cut to give the illusion of thickness. One marvellous reviser that works at this is Restor, a liquid clear as a mountain spring. It coaxes out the spirit and colour in dreary hair, and revives the strength of hair temporarily sapped by over-bleaching, sun, or illness. Restor goes on after shampooing and stays on. In this category of revisers, Wella has Regenal, a cream with special benefits for dry and bleached hair, to massage in and Life-Tex Treatment, a liquid that concentrates chiefly on body, is left on for five minutes. Both these quick-helps rinse out before a set. Hair that needs only a little spring to hold its set better will get it from new Sea of Waves by Helene Curtis, an unclouded liquid that sprays on before rolling or pinning. Tinting and the rinses are, aside from their colour activities, heartening devices for plumping out skinny hair. Permanents also are sure body builders—one of the newest such is Bonat's Body and Depth Salon Wave.

This year more than ever before the look of health is the look of chic, and that goes emphatically for hair. It should visually brag about its well-being, brag, brag, brag. And, although we're not going to go into the one-hundred-brush-strokes sort of hair care that everyone knows (actually some dermatologists think this much brushing excessive), there is one important brushing development that's news. Nylon brush bristles recently have acquired the round-cut edges that some experts believe decrease the splitting of hairs.

Of no little importance to the complete picture of the hair of the year, this rapturous fact: the coiffure opposite is so evenly carved with the scissors that it keeps its sleek shape even when it is combed wet, after swimming.



straight — with a flip; the way to wear this year's hair

In the light of day, this year's beauty will wear a coif not unlike the first barber-shop cut she had in her pre-salad days. With this difference: she'll look more worldly than ingénue, in spite of the youth-dividends glossy, ungimmicked hair scatters as predictably as rose petals at an English wedding. The facts about this haircut, designed by Verdi, are these: It's roughly chin-length, very slightly upcurved at the back (which has a way of implying extra inches for one's neck); set on giant rollers, turned up minutely on the ends. A wedge-shaped part controls that unstudied fall of hair—but, speaking off the record, Verdi admits that one can pull the sides a little to the front; it takes inches off a wide face, adds a grain of salt to a sentimental one.

PENN

IN WASHINGTON: MME. ALPHAND'S "PIQUE-NIQUE SOUS LE DRYER"



ALEXANDRE'S SKETCH OF HIS COIF FOR MME. ALPHAND



IN THE MIRRORED DRESSING-ROOM: MME. ALPHAND AND ALEXANDRE



MME. BOURGUIBA IN HER "CHIGNON IMPÉRATRICE"



ALEXANDRE WITH MME. ALPHAND AND MME. BOURGUIBA



AT THE PICNIC TABLE: MRS. WHEELER AND MRS. FAY



FOR MME. WINKLER, ALEXANDRE ARRANGED "UN JOLI CHIGNON"

With a flash of gold-plated scissors ("mes petits ciseaux d'or"), a brilliant smile, unflagging energy, and a strong conviction that American women's coiffures, especially for evening, need a whole new approach (his), Alexandre, the great French hairdresser, recently descended on Washington, D. C. En route there from Paris, he paused briefly in New York, where a branch of the Alexandre salon will open soon. His self-appointed mission: to give American women more courage—more "fantasie, coquetterie, audace." In Washington, Alexandre was a guest at the French Embassy, where Mme. Hervé Alphand, wife of the French Ambassador, gave the "pique-nique au boudoir" shown on these pages. Mme. Alphand adores entertaining in all its forms—from huge diplomatic dinners on down—and handles them all superbly. A Nattier beauty, blond, blue-eyed, elegant, she has an unforced gaiety and warmth; she laughs a great deal, and when she isn't laughing, is apt to be smiling—a marvellous wide smile. On the day of the picnic, nine of her friends—Alexandre called them "mes victimes"—were invited to the Embassy for the whole day, for an Alexandre coiffure and a picnic lunch. Both were provided in Mme. Alphand's spacious, sun-flooded bedroom, a charming room with wine-red curtains, white walls, pink-upholstered bergères, two fireplaces, and great bouquets of pink and yellow roses. At one end of the room, four pink dryers with pink Louis XVI chairs were placed in a semicircle; beside them were small tables with magazines. The arriving guests were greeted by Mme. Alphand, in a pink Cardin shift, and her niece, Mme. Martin de Sardan, in a red Chanel shift—Mme. Alphand announcing gaily, "Je suis la directrice du salon," while her maid, Marie, handed out pink towels. Tacked to the wall of a mirrored dressing-room off the bedroom was a list of the guests and their appointments. They were: Mrs. Joseph Alsop, wife of the political columnist; Mrs. Paul Fay, wife of the Undersecretary of the Navy; Mrs. George Garret; Mrs. George Wheeler; Mrs. Roland Evans, wife of the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent; Mme. J. C. Winkler, wife of the then French Counselor of Embassy; Mrs. David Ginsburg; S. E. Mme. Bourguiba, wife of the Tunisian Ambassador; and S. E. Mme. Seppälä, wife of the Finnish Ambassador. Everyone crowded into the dressing-room and the adjoining pink-tiled bath to watch as Alexandre, wearing a Henry Higgins sweater, and abetted by two assistants, combed, brushed, snipped with his golden scissors, rolled, pinned, and sprayed the hair of each new "victime." While he worked, Alexandre studied the face of the woman in the chair, observing the balance, the volume, the planes and angles, and giving most attention to the nose: "le nez, c'est tout." (He claims he can make it advance or retreat—i.e., seem bigger or smaller.) At noon, the valets de chambre appeared with the picnic lunch on large silver trays, which were placed on a round table covered with a pink cloth: ham and cheese sandwiches on hard French rolls, hard-boiled eggs, mounds of fresh fruit, pastries, yoghurt, bottles of beer and Coca-Cola, silver pots of China tea and strong, black French coffee. Between victims, Alexandre dashed out for a bit of refreshment ("un peu de bière pour le maître"). The great excitement came during the comb-outs: "Ah, je vais lui faire un joli chignon," said Alexandre, brushing, teasing, piling the hair, jamming in huge old-fashioned hairpins—"les épingles de grandmère." The American women submitted with the (Continued on page 154)

MADAME HERVÉ ALPHAND,

THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, WHO GAVE THE PARTY FOR ALEXANDRE. FOR EVENING, HE PILED HER OWN BLOND HAIR HIGH, USED NO POSTICHE, AS NONE WAS NEEDED.

DAN BUTNIK



"DEAR DR. FALKENHEIM"

A SHORT STORY BY

GRAHAM GREENE

Dear Dr. Falkenheim,

You have asked me to draw up a report—perhaps I ought to say a case history—dealing with a certain traumatic experience belonging to my son's childhood in connection with the Father Christmas myth. I will try to be precise, not disguising my own feelings because I do realize that the analysis of a child must be to some extent an analysis of his parents. How much more closely "one flesh" applies to a man's child than to his wife. I have been spending the whole weekend reading the book you recommended by Dr. Doppeldorf and I was fascinated by much of it, to learn for example of the punning instincts in the unconscious and of the importance of the irrelevant, so you must not be surprised at irrelevancies in my report. And here I am already running on (perhaps I ought to write running away) instead of making the short report you expect of me, but do you really expect a short report? After reading Dr. Doppeldorf I suspect not.

I am aware that I am writing flippantly, and I know you will see through the flippancy. What I see is my child coming home every year from school, every December, with his eye blackened or his mouth bleeding, and still with the terrible courage that a child shows alone in a hostile world because he can not believe that *we* know what life is like. In his eyes I am only concerned about the new price war between Esso and Shell, and my wife is concerned about the Women's Institute, and both of us have to respect his independence and pay no attention. The wound doesn't exist—the bruise came because he walked into a brick wall absent-mindedly.

My son was six years old when the event I am trying to describe occurred. With my wife and son I had left England for Canada only a few months before and we were none of us yet accustomed to the great steely neon-lit city which lay on the foothills of the Rockies more than three thousand feet up. The sky seemed higher and larger than our English skies, above the level of the clouds we knew, and the air was cold and fresh like lake water. From our bungalow which was called Kosy Nuick on the outskirts of the city we could see across the rolling beige ranchland to the snowy peaks of the Rockies; they changed colour every hour of the day—sometimes they were a hard glittering white, sometimes a pale rose and even at moments a deep blue like storm clouds.

I only mention these effects to show that we did not feel in the least exiled in the far West. If anything there was a sense of exhilaration, of freedom, and of a new life beginning. Certainly there was nothing to prepare us for the kind of wanton shock which drove us all away after we had only stayed a few months. We have never returned, so what my son now remembers of the place must be the real memories of a six-year-old. They are an odd assortment when he speaks of them: men dressed like cowboys buying Wheatiebix in the self-help stores, the garage right up on top of the Perkins building where sitting in the car he could see the river and the tops of the houses and the mountains, the roar and stamp of a multitude of beasts in the cattle trucks at the station, the arch of cloud above the Rockies which heralded what they call the chinook, when the temperature suddenly rises in a matter of hours from twenty degrees below zero to thirty-five above, and of course, but he doesn't speak of that, there is the terrible memory which is the subject of your investigation.

In Western Canada we had found all our English myths—the Easter eggs were there and not the Easter rabbit, and long before Christmas white-bearded men began to distribute chewing gum and paper hats to the children in the toy basements at both the big stores, Perkins and Browne's. Somehow it seems to be tacitly understood by children that these men are only stand-ins for the genuine character, or is there a confusion with the Christian saints whom Catholics believe can appear in more than one place at the same time? Perhaps the idea of a multiple Father Christmas is no more puzzling than all that business of the Trinity which children are expected to accept quite easily at Sunday school. If they are tiresome with their questions, I suppose they are told, as we adults are to this day, that it is an unfathomable mystery.

My son had drawn up early in November his Christmas list. None of the objects on this list could possibly be found in the old men's sacks at Perkins or Browne's, and I don't think he even expected them to be. We were even uncertain—you know how little parents realize about their children—whether he believed in Father Christmas at all. He had been promoted a class at school his first term, coming as he did from England where the standard is higher, and now he was working among the old skeptics of seven and eight. Looking back to my own childhood I seem to remember a period when I kept up the appearance of belief for the sake of my parents: they so obviously enjoyed the ceremony of the stocking, the clandestine appearance in my bedroom in costume in case I had remained wakeful, and certainly one Christmas I *had* been quite wakeful enough to notice that Father Christmas wore size eleven in brown Delta shoes like my father. It's funny how that word Delta has stuck in my mind. You'll probably have a theory about that too, Doctor. The Delta of the Nile perhaps—Moses and the bulrushes—the seven plagues —what a long journey one can make from a pair of fifty shilling shoes.

I said to my wife, "Why don't we this year just say nothing about Father Christmas? We've made a break with England; surely we can make a break with Father Christmas too."

"It's fun for me finding the little objects for his stocking," she said or words to that effect (I am introducing the dialogue

as accurately as I can, but after six years . . .). "Only too soon we'll be buying him silk ties and the *Collected Poems of Ezra Pound*."

"Well, there's no reason why the stocking shouldn't continue for a while. We'll detach it from the idea of Father Christmas, that's all. We could even convert it into a bran tub."

"Then there'd be no heel for the tangerines."

That year his Christmas list was a little daunting as though it had been drawn up by NATO. It led off with a space gun and a tactical nuclear weapon which he had seen in the window of Perkins. Almost the least harmful thing on his list, if one could forget the purposes of uranium, was a Geiger counter.

"You aren't telling me, with a list like that, that he still believes in Father Christmas," I said.

"I don't see why not. I expect you asked in your time for toy soldiers and an air gun. This is only progress."

"I wonder no one has yet made a toy Hiroshima," I said, "to bombard with the tactical nuclear weapons. I've a good mind to patent the idea ready for next Christmas."

But by next year Father Christmas was as dead as mutton you might say.

We had still not quite definitely made up our minds whether to liquidate the old man this year or next when my wife came home with some excitement from the big self-service stores that looked after the needs of our outer fringe of the city. (It was really unnecessary for any housewife to drive into the city at all, for at this local store you could buy everything from washing machines to paperbacks—and of course Wheatiebix, and there was a great parking space sufficient for five hundred cars at least.) She said to me, "Father Christmas is arriving on Christmas Eve by air."

"By air? With reindeer?" I asked.

"By helicopter. He's going to touch down in the car park just before sunset."

"We certainly are in the van of progress here."

"It's Browne's helicopter. They've stolen a march on Perkins. We are the last store on his route. You must admit that if this is to be Colin's last Father Christmas, we've struck a winner." (That was our general attitude. Sympathetic to the child, sympathetic to Father Christmas, just trying to choose the tactful way of—well of breaking reality gently to the child. I don't remember my parents taking so much trouble.)

Well, there it was, all provided by a paternal store—Father Christmas arriving by helicopter. No payment. A completely free show. There's a kind of generosity in American advertising. And this arrival, of course, had the blessing of all the business interests in the city and all the denominations too. Elias went off by air in a chariot, and Father Christmas was going to descend, but, of course, the story of Elias was supposed to be for grown-up people like myself, while Father Christmas was for the kids. (I really hate that word kids, perhaps because kid was a favourite dish of mine in Greece during the war—it's rather as though one called one's children *escalopes de veau*.)

But I have to get back to Christmas Eve whether I want to or not and the parking place outside the glassy self-service store, with a small area no larger than a house roped off for the helicopter, and the three of us waiting for it to arrive from the city and the high sky and the cold air and my wife saying, "This couldn't happen at home. I love Christmas here," and we both talked I'm sure about wide open spaces and little cramped Europe and the soaring imagination of the Admen in this city three thousand feet up in the air. Father O'Connor was waiting there too with a bunch of veal cutlets from his congregation, wearing cowboy hats and Davy Crockett caps with fur tails and blue jeans and windbreakers with tartan linings. The sun would be going down soon below the Rockies and we heard the helicopter a long way off in the wide green sky; it rose vertically up from some store in the city, hovered like a vulture, and then came buzzing busily towards us, while the babies screamed and gurgled in the perambulators. When Father Christmas looked down from two hundred feet up, below the knifing rotary blades, he must have seen hundreds of open mouths. The helicopter circled above us, and he untied his sack and the air was full of small bright objects dropping down. They fell into the prams and into the cowboy hats and ricocheted all around beside the high heels and the miniature cowboy boots—just the same things which were distributed every day outside the big stores—chewing gum and paper hats—but of course they had more of a sense of glory about them rained like that out of the sky. Then swaying a little, first this way and then that, the helicopter sank slowly plumb in the centre of the roped-off space with its big rubber buffers, and a loudspeaker warned the parents to keep their children away until the blades stopped turning.

The trouble was, no one bothered to warn Father Christmas. The rotary blades above his head were slowing down and he didn't wait for the steps but jumped to the ground with the big sack slung over his shoulder. The windmill over his head was cutting big swaths in the air and hundreds of children screamed with delight to see him land. Perhaps there was some extra enthusiasm behind the helicopter or perhaps he had the idea that the children there couldn't see him properly and he moved round the plane to show himself off there too. But he had quite forgotten, if he had ever known, that a helicopter has a propeller behind as well as overhead and he stepped right into it. The blades took his body and flung it in a kind of violent dance back the way he had come and his head was sliced right off and spun through the air, white detachable beard and all, and it landed a dozen paces away with open eyes and a look of amazement before the body had time to topple out of its dance.

So it was that the trauma was born—I owe the word to you and Dr. Doppeldorf. My wife wasted a lot of time between the tranquillizers explaining to the child that after all it was only an old man called Jeff Drew who had died and not Father Christmas. The papers did their best to contradict her with all the obvious headlines, "Death of Father Christmas," and the like, and the authorities contributed to the confusion by giving the old man, who would have been on poor relief again in a few weeks' time, a slap-up city funeral with mounted police and wreaths of holly and a Christmas tree stuck up above the grave covered with coloured lights, and there was a procession of school children, though I would not let my son go. I wanted him to forget the affair as quickly as possible, and that is just what he hasn't done. So now it is that at the age of twelve he has become the mock of all his contemporaries; each year when December comes around he suffers from endless practical jokes, and as a result he gets into fights, which he can't win, how can he? For he's in a perpetual minority of one, because he believes that Father Christmas really existed. "Of course he's real," he says, a bit like an early Christian, "I saw him die." He's dead, and so he's indestructible. Please do what you can, Doctor . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The crunch of crisis, the warm-bath relaxation when countries return apparently to their previous state, but knowing well that everything is not the way it was. . . . Non-alignment, re-alignment, and allies. . . . The news documentaries of the networks as forceful arms of adult education. . . . *The Viking Book of Aphorisms* by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger who chose some three thousand aphorisms including this one by Stendhal: "If you want to be witty, work on your character and say what you think on every occasion."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the finely cut violence, the exquisite ferocity of *Victor, ou les enfants au pouvoir*, by Roger Vitrac whose comedy about a massively malicious child has been produced and co-directed by Jean Anouilh with a fantasist's sense. . . . The direct and amusing autobiography, *The Evolution of an Architect*, by Edward Durell Stone, who looks like a happy bloodhound and designs with an airy sharpness that has influenced buildings from Fayetteville, Arkansas, to India. . . . The new newspaper, *Nu Gini Toktok*, which means New Guinea Talk-Talk, published in pidgin English for almost two million New Guineans, a group who spell "who" as "husat" from "who's that?" and "think" as "tingkt-tingkt."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Anatomy of Britain*, a new book by Anthony Sampson who treats his involved subject as though he were a dermatologist, just touching the entire skin of the country; in the process he moves over the callouses and the soft neck skin, noting that the thirty-two dukes keep pretty much to themselves, that at least half are millionaires, and that most of them have retreated from politics. . . . The lovely surprise in *Little Me* of the "Rich Kids Rag," a delicate dance designed by Bob Fosse for the chorus, with the girls in candy-pale costumes. . . . The diverting fresh first course—thin slices of cold turkey wrapped around caviar—like blinis. . . . The cable after the Cuba crisis sent by the caretaker of a French farm to his absentee employer in New York: "Mes félicitations à votre cher Président."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The richness, the amount of extraordinarily good art spread across the country in galleries and museums, the flamboyant extravagance of exhibitions of old masters, of pop painting, of master drawings, of sculpture, of the great nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists flowing as though someone had loosened all the taps. . . . The annual report of a publishing house which contained this personal intelligence footnote: to the question fed into a computer, "What do you eat?," the answer came, "Persons." . . . William Burroughs whose *Naked Lunch*, a novel of dope dreams, parodies, nightmares of addictions, is at once explicit, revolting, horrifying, funny, and sometimes superb. . . . The small poetic beauties of the French movie, *Sundays and Cybèle*—its twig-etched park of icy ponds, the pale innocent face of Patricia Gozzi as a twelve-year-old who brings both love and death to an amnesic pilot. . . . The new name for the second span of the George Washington Bridge: the Martha Washington. . . . The wisdom of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion of Israel who said: "Anyone who does not believe in miracles is not a realist."

GEORGIA BROWN—who plays Bill Sikes's girl, Nancy, in the British musical *Oliver!*—crackles up the theatre with whatever it is that informs the word "entertainer." Everything about her compels: her dark, swinging hair; her extravagantly pale, strong face; her deep but distinctly unhaunted eyes; above all, her manner, a triumph—like her looks—of vitality. In the kind of accent not known as BBC, she sings, in *Oliver!*, such pattery songs as "It's a Fine Life" and "I'd Do Anything"; then eases into "As Long As He Needs Me," a song so relentlessly can't-help-lovin'-that-man-of-mine that it appears to have crossed the Atlantic by *Show Boat*. ("Who else would love him still/ When they've been used so ill.") Although fresh in New York, *Oliver!*, short for Oliver Twist, has already been to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, and Toronto; meanwhile, another company is taking it into its third year in London. What *Oliver!* has, besides Lionel Bart's unremarkable lyrics and catchy music, is an engaging quota of raggedy small boys, plus a certain rounded charm, a small, comfortable vivacity against the lovely Dickensian murkiness of Sean Kenny's famous revolving set. And it has, of course, Georgia Brown, who wears a red dress (she is rather a red-dress girl), gets murdered in the last act, but turns up nonetheless in time for a reprise. Indomitably.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING



IN INDIA AT UDAIPUR,
THIS WHITE PALACE
RISES OUT OF A LAKE
LIKE A MARBLE MIRAGE.
AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
COMPLEX OF
COURTS, APARTMENTS,
FOUNTAINS, AND GARDENS,
THE LAKE PALACE WILL HAVE
A NEW LIFE AS A HOTEL.
THE UNFORGETTABLE
FANTASY OF ITS INTERIORS,
SHOWN ON THE NEXT PAGES,
HAS BEEN RECREATED
BY INDIAN CRAFTSMEN
FOR AMERICAN HOUSES.

MARILYN SILVERSTONE





MARILYN SILVERSTONE

IN INDIA AT UDAIPUR there is a lake described by all guidebooks as steel-blue, by the author of *India's Love Lyrics* as silver, and by Mrs. John F. Kennedy, on her visit to it last spring, as completely enchanting. In the lake there are two island palaces: one, 1620 Jag Mandir, its domed structure said to be the inspiration for Taj Mahal; the other, eighteenth-century Jag Niwas, the magnificent white marble cluster of floating seclusion and mystery photographed on the preceding pages.

Now Jag Niwas, under the direction of the present Maharana of Udaipur, is being turned into an exquisite hotel from which guests will be carried by launch to the gardens and pools of the other island for sunning and bathing and evening entertainments. Miniatures of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century court life at the palace have been the principal source of the ideas used in its restoration.

The original palace architects skillfully facilitated the full enjoyment of both day and night light. On the white marble roof terrace, *directly left*, called "the moonlight viewing terrace," streamers of white and silver cloth catch any moon glitter the white marble doesn't. Great bolsters and cushions, set up for conversation as well as moon-watching, copy the prince's throne seen in an old miniature—the white bolster with traditional gold-red-and-black tassels, the two foam-rubber long cushions covered in blue specially mixed to duplicate the blue of the lake at certain hours. The carved rosewood folding chair, a portable treasure, is from the Maharana's collection. The rug, a chain-stitched Kashmir, took its inlay motif from Taj Mahal.

Far left, above, an Udaipur woman in an orange sari stands on a cantilevered island balcony with a view of Udaipur city and its palaces.

Far left, below, in one of the hotel's bedrooms a portrait of a nineteenth-century maharana enlarged from a miniature and painted on a wall. The silver-plated swing has blue and chartreuse cushions. (Continued on page 109)

FROM RAJPUT MINIATURES, FANTASY FOR THE HOUSE: SWINGS, WALL PAINTINGS, A MOONLIGHT-VIEWING TERRACE





MARILYN SILVERSTONE

IN INDIA AT UDAIPUR, the attractions of the island palace hotel are a distillation of the mystique of the city on which the island sides. The seat of countless heroes, this Rajput land resisted foreign domination for over nine hundred years in ways valorous, stirring, and treasured—the Udaipur ruling house, founded more than 1,400 years ago, is the oldest in all of India.

In addition to history, Udaipur is fortunate in craftsmanship and unpublished works of art, much of this marked in the island palace hotel. Its major suite, *directly left,* appears in several eighteenth-century miniatures—the garden courtyard, the engrailed arches, the water seen through stained glass windows. Marble latticework, inlaid with mirrors by Udaipur artisans, reflects the brilliance of colours as they change with the sun and the moon. A *chowki,* the great square bed that traditionally serves for sitting and lounging as well as sleeping, fits in a corner piled high with golden bolsters, cushions that take their colour from the stained glass, and pillows with bits of mirror embroidered into them. Next to the bed a low, square, purple-lacquered table—*bajote* is its name—holds a green-glazed pottery carafe and, for a glass, an old green oil-wick holder. *Kaleem,* the Himalayan sleeping rug beside the bed, comes from a place a week's walk from the nearest transportation up near the Tibet border. The pedestal table and the carved chairs, rosewood antiques painted white, are from the city palace. The different colour of each hanging lamp compounds the iridescence. *Far left, above,* in a garden pavilion of the hotel, a *jula,* the Indian swing—this one with a heavy brass chain laden with brass figures. Behind it, a mirror-inlaid wall and a window with a roll curtain copied from a miniature. *Far left, centre,* green windows open on a palace view. *Far left, below,* in a private courtyard, a breakfast table. *Duplicates of the furniture and textiles shown on these pages: Lord & Taylor; Gump's. More, later on this issue.*

FROM RAJPUT MINIATURES, IRIDESCENCE FOR THE HOUSE: STAINED GLASS, MIRROR-INLAID WALLS, GLITTERED PILLOWS, MARBLE LATTICES.



THE NEW VEERS in fashion

NEW TOFF TAILORING—stamped with the character of English schoolboy-tailoring: disciplined, but leavened with a certain fly and rakish charm (Balenciaga charm, this; Balenciaga discipline). These are signs: thoroughbred fit—clean, close, straight; longer, narrower sleeves finished, sometimes, with a band like a shirt-cuff's; adroitly turned collars, cut to sit back on the neck; brisk little regiments of pocket-flaps on jackets and coats; the dégagé closing of the patte-boutonnières that tab down the front of the new overblouse jackets.

SURFACE CHANGES. Everywhere this season: the sec and spiky hand of linen's weave—crackling the surface of the gauziest silk coats, skirts, dresses . . . firmly nubbling the look of the new suit-woollens (and pretty much retiring the rustic breed of tweed). It's linen's texture that's roughening up a storm of extraordinary new synthetics—grainy and linen-crisp, unweighty and indomitably crushless. Going on in fashion: blistery silk cloqués—veering to cotton as temperatures rise. The smoothest face in fashion: melton cloth—closely woven, its weight lightened for spring; this is a wool that handles itself superbly vis à vis the new tailoring.

UP-AND-DOWN SEAMING. These are the bust seams—cut in vertically, biased over the bosom—that carve clothes close to the body but never clench; account for the extraordinarily supple new fit of sheath-dresses, suit jackets.

OVERBLOUSE-DRESS—SHIRT INFLECTIONS. Noted-and-notable in the current rage for two-piece dresses: the one presided over by a loosely cut overblouse, tailored with the cool precision of an officer's fatigue shirt.

WAISTCOATS: In leather, in fabric—closed over shirt sleeves, or worn as sleeveless suit jackets.

THE DRESS WITH A HIGH WAIST—and with a difference. Difference being, its lift now is likely to be firmly marked by a seam right across the top of the ribcage, rather than suggested by curves in high places.

TAILORED ORGANDIE. Organdie now: printed over layers of itself, incisively tailored—and one of the most meltingly pretty looks a woman could own. Own as a jacket or a seven-eighths coat, in the subtlest of printings—coal-grey and olive washed over pale brown. One way to dress it: a shift of lineny silk in the light, limpid green of absinthe.

LEATHER. 1963 signature: a rave of leather—and the news of (Continued on page 156)

GREY SQUIRREL. LEOPARD FEDORA

The *petit-gris* softness is familiar flattery, but nothing like this has ever happened before in squirrel—a greatcoat of it, horizontally worked, tied like a handful of silk. Probable owner: the woman who's never had a cliché fashion-thought in her life—recognizes instantly the rightness, here, of a crushy leopard fedora, ash-grey gloves. (One great American beauty who has already called this fashion veer: Mrs. William Paley whose thick, strong sweep of hair—smokey, now, and toned with black—is part of this grey ambience.) Coat, by Maximilian. Kislav kidskin gloves. Lilly Daché fedora. Verdura ring. Yardley's Rose Merry lipstick.

PENN



JOSEPH HELLER

An easy-laughing, big man, a bombardier in Italy during World War II, Joseph Heller, the author of *Catch-22*, a big, laughing, hoaxy book about the Air Force, stands for the slight veer away from the mass horror war book towards a mathematician's logical destruction of solemn absurdities in the Service, a destruction magnificently funny partly because the absurdities are even more true in civilian life. To get the salient points of his indestructible characters Heller picked pieces from his own career in advertising and promotion, a life, incidentally, that he thoroughly enjoyed. He enjoys his characters, too. He likes Yossarian, that inevitable asker of the wrong questions, the quiet joker behind the scenes; he likes Milo the manipulator who buys and sells on both sides, has a piece of everything, and makes a profit on what seem like losses. He doesn't like Major Metcalf who demands of a flyer: "When didn't you say we couldn't punish you?" In fact, most of the dialogue has the rich taste of old Marx Brothers dialogue in *Animal Crackers*, the lovely insanity, the burst point.

THE NEW VEERS

in political acts, foods, architecture, etc.

THE NEW VEERS HERE and on the next pages have started on their way. They are curving right now into our life. They are, in fact, sensitive wind socks pointing towards a new direction.

WHEN THE SUPREME COURT ordered the Tennessee Legislature to re-district its seats in April 1962, it started a powerful ripple that may smash the grip of small towns on many state legislatures, and that in turn may greatly lessen the rural influences in Congress. Daniel Bell, chairman of the department of sociology at Columbia College, wrote that this decision "may be the most important political act of the decade."

CONCRETE INSTEAD OF GLASS and steel is the new veer in architecture. (The great glass examples are now one with the Flatiron Building, beauties of a style perhaps now past.) Handsome new concrete buildings are the thing with many architects, including Saarinen Associates, I. M. Pei, Le Corbusier, Paul Rudolph, Pier Luigi Nervi.

PUFA MORE AND MORE on grocery shelves. There is considerable experimental veer towards foods high in PUFA which stands for polyunsaturated fats. To effect a change in human diet, the diet of cattle and pigs may be changed. Even sour cream, ice cream, and cheeses may be altered without altering the taste—all of this to revolutionize the eating habits of the country with the hope of cutting down on cholesterol and perhaps on heart disease.

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Dress-look on the way up, right. Where it gets its boost: it's two parts long (more and more dresses are), and one part is a soft, loose. little shirt—the newest, freshest kind of put-over. Here, in supple, shimmery white silk, the skirt swung from a camisole top. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner of Onondaga fabric, about $215. Richelieu necklaces. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; John Doyle Bishop. Emme's white roller.


MORE POWER
TO THE
SHIRTY
PULLOVER



CLAUDE MAURIAC AND EMMANUÈLE RIVA

This pair, clear intellectuals, belongs to France's new veer, the new realists in literature and in films. Emmanuèle Riva, who reacts like a small, nervous sports car to slight pressure, is an actress beautifully plain whose major appeal lies in her intelligence. She is Someone. In fact, she became that through the eloquence of her playing in two movies, *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and *Thérèse Desqueyroux*. Mauriac is Someone. In fact, he became that through the pile-up of his contrary opinions. A constant writer, a critic of literature and films, a novelist, he is now also a scriptwriter. With his father, the French Academician, François Mauriac who wrote the novel *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, Claude Mauriac, aided by Georges Franju, wrote the script for *Thérèse*. A worldly man whose mouth twitches with wit-thoughts, Mauriac is a great discarder. For his novels, *The Dinner Party* and *The Marquise Went Out at Five*, he threw out the usual scaffolding of novels along with the words, "he, she, and I," concentrating on what makes the tick of life. He is astringent, detached, and definitely assured. Both Emmanuèle Riva and Claude Mauriac are experimentalists who could only be French.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MILITARY intellectuals, the new professionals, is the increased veer in Washington, a veer that began in the Eisenhower Administration. The M.I.'s, as they are called, "move freely through the corridors of the Pentagon and the State Department," as the *London Times Literary Supplement* noted, "rather as the Jesuits through the courts of Madrid and Vienna three centuries ago."

BEATING THE COLLEGES over the head for their teaching techniques, for their slowness in changing to accelerated courses with new methods, is the new veer in education. The club that swung on the country's high schools may now swing on the colleges. Down in the grade schools there may be another veer, this time with changes in social studies; fifth graders properly learning about anthropology, but not necessarily under that category. The change-over, long due, may mean that youngsters will be modelling in clay heads of Peking Man.

THE RISE OF THE ASIAN and African group at the United Nations is the new veer there. Of the 110 members the Africans alone hold 33 seats. For the first time the General Assembly has had three Asians on the rostrum: Acting Secretary General U Thant of Burma, H. E. Muhammad Zafrulla Khan of Pakistan as President of the General Assembly, and C. V. Narasimhan of India as Undersecretary of General Assembly Affairs.

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The sheath dress, right, after a gentle sort of revolution; it's slim, shapely, the fit now a calculated hit-and-miss affair powered by sinuous up-and-down seams that navigate cleverly from collarbone to hip. (This kind of seaming was a star turn in Paris at Balenciaga and Givenchy.) Dress by Sarmi in beige wool (Dormeuil fabric), about $225. Gloves by Dawnelle. Both at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The earrings by Marvella. Hat by Emme.

THE NEW VEERS

in intellectuals, education, the United Nations, etc.



THE LINE TO WATCH:
BUST-SEAMING



MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

An anti-hero of the movies with charted weaknesses, Marcello Mastroianni shows the sharp veer away from the international delight boys, affable, more charming-than-life movie heroes like Cary Grant and Rock Hudson and even Frank Sinatra. Instead, Mastroianni is almost all heel—light, affable, internationally a delight. In the comedy, *Divorce—Italian Style*, he plays subtly, brilliantly, a bored Sicilian husband who entices his wife into taking a lover and then kills her to avenge his honour; a Mafian schemer. If there is a wrong web in a Mastroianni movie, he walks into it, led there by the best Italian directors, Germi, Visconti, Antonioni, and Fellini. He must be pulled there, for actually he is a neat, well-bred, rather loving man with a sombre expression, an Italian actress for wife, a ten-year-old daughter, and a rooted desire to "do nothing, truly, nothing" when he is off-stage. At those times, said a friend, "Marcello is droopy as *pasta*—but on stage he turns intense, fiery, a marvel, *magnifico*." Mastroianni said: "Fellini lets you be your horrible self. He likes your faults."

THE NEW VEERS

in travel, collecting, the arts, etc.

CARRYING THE PASSENGER to the plane is the new veer in travel. At the great new Dulles Airport in Virginia there are mobile lounges to move people to the planes—each lounge costs almost a quarter of a million dollars.

COLLECTING DRAWINGS is the increased veer by collectors who are not what some dealers call "the young and poor." The rich and old are on the chase, too, partly because the price of master drawings by living or dead artists has gone up.

THE TURN TOWARDS CLASSICISM is the new veer in the arts, with the experiments of the last fifteen years or so assimilated, absorbed. The figure is back in many paintings; comedy is coming back in the movies; educational television has found Charlie Chaplin, and commercial television has discovered Laurel and Hardy. Young composers accept as part of their musical vocabulary tapes, prepared pianos, and the twelve-tone scale. The Theatre of the Absurd is as entrenched as Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*.

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The flash of tailoring (right) that came out of Balenciaga this year, is slated to spark a whole new school of coat-thinking. We call it "toff" or "gorblimey" tailoring (a "gorblimey" is an R.A.F. cap, rakishly re-styled—by its owner—by subtracting the stiffening). The coat-look in question is a blend of British-fatigue and toff English schoolboy and it's the biggest change in coats since Balenciaga's turtleback of ten years ago. The shape is soft-shouldered, leashed with a narrow belt (kidskin, here), and regimented by flap pockets. By Originala, in putty-coloured wool fleece (loomed in America); about $200. Henri Bendel; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Balenciaga's white hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN


WATCH THE CHANGE
TO TOFF TAILORING

"BIRTHDAY PARTY"
A SHORT STORY BY
SHIRLEY JACKSON

It was planned by Jannie herself. Jannie even went so far as to say that if she could have a pyjama party she would keep her room picked up for one solid month, a promise so far beyond the realms of possibility that I could only believe that she wanted the pyjama party more than anything else in the world. My husband thought it was a mistake. "You are making a terrible, an awful mistake," he said to me. "And don't try to say I didn't tell you so." My older son Laurie told me it was a mistake. "Mommy-O," he said, "*this* you will regret. For the rest of your life you will be saying to yourself 'Why did I let that dopey girl ever, *ever* have a pyjama party that night?' For the rest of your life. When you're an old lady you will be saying . . ."

"What can I do?" I said. "I promised." We were all at the breakfast table, and it was seven-thirty on the morning of Jannie's eleventh birthday. Jannie sat unhearing, her spoon poised blissfully over her cereal, her eyes dreamy with speculation over what was going to turn up in the packages to be presented that evening after dinner. Her list of wanted birthday presents had included a live pony, a pare of roller scates, high-heeled shoes of her very own, a make-up kit with reel lipstick, a record player and records, and a dear little monkey to play with, and any or all of these things might be in the offing.

"You know of course," Laurie said to me, "I have the room right next to her? I'm going to be sleeping in there like I do every night? You know I'm going to be in my bed trying to sleep?" He shuddered. "Giggle," he said. "Giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle. Two, three o'clock in the morning—giggle, giggle, giggle. A human being can't bear it."

Jannie focused her eyes on him. "Why don't we burn up this boy's birth certificate?" she asked.

"Giggle giggle," Laurie said.

Barry spoke, waving his toast. "When Jannie gets her birthday presents can I play with it?" he asked. "If I am very careful can I play with just the . . ."

Everyone began to talk at once to drown him out. "Giggle giggle," Laurie shouted. "Don't say I didn't warn you," my husband said loudly. "Anyway I promised," I said. "Happy birthday dear sister," Sally sang. Jannie giggled.

"There," Laurie said. "You hear her? All night long—five of them." Shaking his head as one who has been telling them and telling them and *telling* them not to bring that wooden horse through the gates of Troy, he stamped off to get his school books and his trumpet. Jannie sighed happily. Barry opened his mouth to speak and his father and Sally and I all said "Shhh."

Jannie had to be excused from her cereal, because she was too excited to eat. It was a cold frosty morning, and I forced the girls into their winter coats. Laurie, who believes that he is impervious to cold, came downstairs, said, "Mad, I tell you, mad," sympathetically to me, "Bye, cat," to his father, and went out the back door toward his bike, ignoring my insistence that he put on at least a sweater.

I told the girls to hold Barry's hand crossing the street, told Barry to hold the girls' hands crossing the street, put Barry's midmorning cookies into his jacket pocket, reminded Jannie for the third time about her spelling book, held the dogs so they could not get out when the door was opened, told everyone good-bye and happy birthday again to Jannie, and watched from the kitchen window while they made their haphazard way down the driveway, lingering, chatting. I opened the door once more to call to them to move along, they would be late for school, and they disregarded me. I called to hurry *up*, and for a minute they moved more quickly, hopping, and then came to the end of the driveway and onto the sidewalk where they merged at once into the general traffic going to school. I came back to the table and sat down wearily, reaching for the coffeepot. "Five of them are too many," my husband explained. "One would have been quite enough."

"You can't have a pyjama party with just one guest," I said sullenly. "And anyway no matter who she invited the other three would have been offended."

By lunchtime I had set up four cots, two of them borrowed from a neighbour who was flatly taken aback when she heard what I wanted them for. "I think you must be crazy," she said. Jannie's bedroom is actually two rooms, one small and one, which she calls her library because her bookcase is in there, much larger. I put one cot in her bedroom next to her bed, which left almost no room in there to move around. The other three cots I lined up in her library, making a kind of dormitory effect. Beyond Jannie's library is the guest room, and all the other bedrooms except Laurie's are on the other side of the guest room. Laurie's room is separated by only the thinnest wall from Jannie's library.

When Jannie came home from school I told her to lie down and rest, pointing out in one of the most poignant understatements of my life that she would probably be up late that night. In fifteen minutes she was downstairs (Continued on page 145)

Clean checks—southbound blue

Slim wool coat, right, in white and light blue (blueness, paleness, pay big fashion dividends now); it's a hound's-tooth check—mastiff-sized. With blue suède buttons, a gentle roll to the collar. Worn over a white wool jersey shift—unsleeved, belted in blue suède. Both by Frechtel; coat about $215, dress about $190. Wear-Right cotton gloves. All at Lord & Taylor. Coat, dress, also Hudson's; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché hat. Pale lip-colour: Blush by Charles of the Ritz. PENN



Below: Quarry in sight, the safari takes a break in mufti. The leader of the expedition (any quarry worth the hunting has certainly spotted *her)* wears a straight orange linen dress, brass-buttoned; and a white, wrapped sultan's turban. Dress by Rudi Gernreich of Moygashel linen. About $90. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. The turban, by Lilly Daché. The field glasses from Meyrowitz. *Opposite page:* On the wilder shores of décolletage, white matelassé short evening dress, the neckline plunged like an overturned minaret. Shaped like the short robe worn under the caftan in the smash desert movie, *Lawrence of Arabia*, it has sensational dinner aptitudes, North and South; with all buttons buttoned, can be quite covered up. Dress from Maurice Rentner, of Onondaga silk. About $200. Tall silk-tasselled white fez by Adolfo. Both are at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Goldwaters. Wide, low-slung coiffure by Enny of Italy.

PENN

Desert dazzle: night and day







Escape shoes with shoeshine soles

Shoe directions for the south: shapes bare to barest; soles with a new kind of gleam—no spit and polish, they're made of Pattina, a recent and attractive miracle by Du Pont that shines like patent leather, wears like mink. Here, three open-and-shut examples, three degrees of bareness; all soles handstitched. *Opposite page, lower left:* Cornsilk lizard pumps; stacked heels. About $70. *Above:* Caramel-coloured suède; flattened toe, square throat. About $60. *This page:* Black kidskin mule with a squat patent leather heel. About $55. All by Evins of Fleming-Joffe leathers. To order at I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. For shiny soles: matte stockings, another streak of news that's fit—more cling, flattery. These by Ariadne; at Lord & Taylor; Gus Mayer.

GENE LAURENTS

THE NEW VEER

THE BAD GOOD FILMS

BY PENELOPE GILLIATT

At the Venice Film Festival this year, where there was a program of Hollywood movies made in the thirties, everyone seemed to be staggered by how good they were. Though they were the sort of film that is ritually despised now—most of them were star vehicles or sophisticated comedies or adaptations of stage plays—no one could help noticing that they were much more intelligent, witty, and direct than some of the hallowed art movies that win festival prizes. If the thirties were the heyday of the good bad film, the sixties are the heyday of the bad good film. There was plenty wrong with the entertainment movies of a generation ago, but the intellectual cult movies of today are much less likeable.

One of the thinnest trends in the cinema now is the fashion for the mood film. A director like Antonioni, who has a regiment of followers, will take hold of a mood and stretch it as though it were a piece of elastic. Alongside this vogue for dwelling languidly on the kind of emotional material that would have been expressed by Katherine Mansfield in thirty pages, there is a vogue for a compensating amount of "style." Especially in France, "style" seems to be laid on to a movie in the cutting room in spadefuls. Under the mound of flashy technique—which in this context has little enough to do with real style, meaning the rightness with which something is done—a small idea lies panting for life. One can hear the whimpers, one scratches away at the rubble, but by the time one gets there it has suffocated and all one can do is whisper respectfully over the corpse. It seems to me that films like *Last Year at Marienbad* and *Paris Nous Appartient* aren't really meant for viewing at all, but for discussion later. Artists usually hate such a seminar attitude to art because they regard it as sterile, but not in this case: of all the thousands of overblown words published about *Last Year at Marienbad*, some of the most comically pretentious came from the director, Alain Resnais, and the script writer, Alain Robbe-Grillet, in a dialogue in which they eagerly discussed what each of them had had in mind while they were making the picture. When they discovered that their ideas were contradictory and that they had been giving the wretched actors directly opposed advice, they seemed more gratified than ever.

Last Year at Marienbad represents the new mock-intellectual cinema at its decorative, foolish worst. It belongs to a cosmetic department of art that is a travesty of the real thing; beside it, the movies of Eisenstein and Renoir and Ford and Keaton are like heroic sculptures beside waxworks. Resnais has taken one of the richest and most universal themes—the subconscious world of dreams and déjà-vu and half-understood predictions—but he has reduced it to something thin and cliquish. When one compares his film to one like Jean Vigo's marvellous *Zéro de Conduite*, which was about the same trick-world of the imagination, the difference is the difference between fabrication and art. Vigo's movie, a vision of school through children's eyes that is aflame with his peculiar fierce gaiety, is just as experimental as Resnais's; but it is an experiment in which the devices seem to come out of the common subconscious. When the headmaster is shown as a dwarf, sitting at his desk like a toddler in a high chair, or when the boys do a triumphant sleepwalking march around the dormitory in a cloud of pillow feathers, the fantasies express a surreal mischief and a passion for liberty that stirs in everyone. But in Resnais's film—apart from the ravishing moment when the heroine, standing at the end of a corridor in a series of shots that are repeated like blinks, holds out her arms and starts to laugh—none of the devices seems to come out of the substance of life at all.

A critic friend of mine told me that he was deeply moved by *Last Year at Marienbad* because he felt able to identify with the hero's confusion. The reason why the character felt like this, said the critic, was because he was out of his class; and my friend based this insight on the fact that the character was the only guest in a lounge suit at a party where everyone else (Continued on page 155)

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET, FRENCH NOVELIST WHO WROTE "LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD"

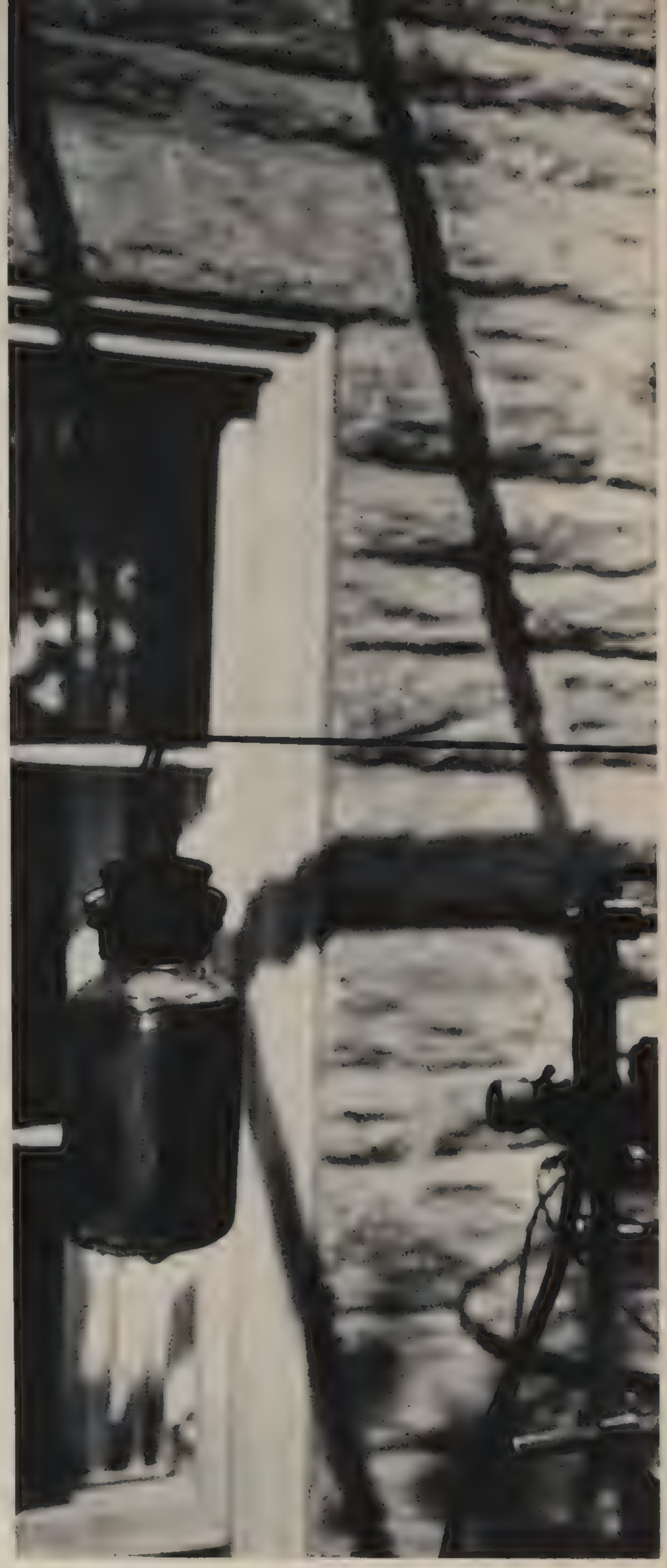
Alain Robbe-Grillet, photographed for Vogue picking cherries with his wife, is perhaps the most celebrated of those French novelists, the Neo-Realists, whose forte seems an occasionally irritating but peculiarly compelling mindlessness, a kind of imperative immediacy that, at its best, makes the reader see as much as a camera might. Robbe-Grillet has written four novels—*The Erasers*, *The Voyeur*, *Jealousy*, and *In the Labyrinth*; he wrote as well, and not incidentally, the screenplay for the narcoleptic *Last Year at Marienbad*. A great many novels, of course, now bear the imprint of film techniques; a Robbe-Grillet novel, however, remains so relentlessly under the spell of the imagined camera that one sometimes wonders, annoyed, why he did not make a movie instead. Decisively not for admirers of the novel as character, his novels hang upon the free shift of time, the interminable description of objects seen: "The eraser is a thin pink disc whose central part is covered by a little white-metal circle. The razor blade is a flat, polished rectangle, its short sides rounded, and pierced with three holes in a line. The central hole is circular; the two others, one on each side, reproduce precisely—on a much smaller scale—the general shape of the blade, that is, a rectangle with its short sides rounded." Although this kind of mental somnambulism may seem only self-indulgence to some, it seems, to Robbe-Grillet and the other neo-Realists, a view of reality. "The reality in question," Robbe-Grillet wrote, "is a strictly material one; that is, it is subject to no allegorical interpretation. The reader is therefore requested to see in it only the objects, actions, words, and events which are described." In the photograph here, the reader is requested to see that Robbe-Grillet is wearing an old-fashioned coat, split at the back. The coat (1) belonged to his wife's grandfather, and the entire event (2) is taking place at the house near Paris of his wife's mother, and Robbe-Grillet (3) is delighted to be wearing the coat: three solid facts you would probably never learn in a Robbe-Grillet novel.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON



To become an authority in a world far from one's powerful desk in industry is a reward limited to only a few men. Among them is Crawford H. Greenewalt, Chairman of the Board of the Du Pont Company, the chemical company with total assets of more than four and a half billion. He has become famous through two quite dissimilar matters, the development of nylon and his monograph, *Hummingbirds.* Another is Fred Olsen, a vice-president in charge of research and development for the great chemical combine, Olin Mathieson, until his retirement a few years ago. He became famous in the last twenty years for his work as a practicing archaeologist, for his Olsen Foundation which sends travelling exhibitions of art to schools and colleges, for his private collections of Coptic, Persian, pre-Columbian, and abstract art. The third in this extraordinary grouping is R. Gordon Wasson, a vice-president of the Morgan Guaranty Bank with his special concern there the International Banking Division and his private, internationally known concern the religious rôle of the hallucigenic mushrooms of Mexico of which he is the co-rediscoverer.

CRAWFORD H. GREENEWALT is the author and photographer of the big, handsome book, *Hummingbirds,* published in 1960 by Doubleday, a book that has had three printings for a total of fifteen thousand copies at $25 each and is ending up in a variety of museum libraries, partly because of the beauty of its seventy photographs in full colour and partly because the text is now a classic of natural history. It concentrates on the documentation of the way these birds fly and the why of the iridescence of their feathers. The experiments on flight patterns and colour are the work of a team of brilliant collaborators led by Mr. Greenewalt. A chemical engineer, he put both branches of his technical knowledge in motion. Using various complicated techniques, a new theory, and an electronic computer, he found that iridescence is due to interference colours produced by a mosaic of elliptical platelets, the variety of colours by changing both the air content of the platelets and their thickness. Before the Greenewalt experiments, bird scientists had long believed that hummingbirds can fly at sixty miles an hour. To test that theory, a wind tunnel was built with a fan at one end and a feeder at the other, and the fan's velocity was increased until the birds could not make it against the wind. The birds' top speed, it was discovered, is a little less than thirty miles an hour. In addition, it was noticed that the great manoeuvrability of hummingbirds lies in the anatomy of their wings. In comparison with other birds, the wing is all hand, rigid at the elbow but with great mobility at the shoulder. All this hummingbird business began in 1953 when Mr. Greenewalt watched a male rubythroat in his garden. That led to photographing hummingbirds in Brazil, Cuba, Jamaica, Venezuela, Arizona, California, and Colorado. Before each photographic expedition, hummingbirds were collected in the wild by laying a long collapsible fly rod, with a bamboo tip smeared with a powerful stickum—perhaps boiled linseed oil—across the backs of hovering birds, and bringing them in to enormous aviaries. Within an aviary the birds can be caught by lassoing them with a short stick and a long human hair—sometimes a hair from the head of Mrs. Greenewalt. The bird can not see the hair noose, the hair does not break. Working in the aviary, Mr. Greenewalt has the same controlled patience that he shows



DOUBLE EXPERTS





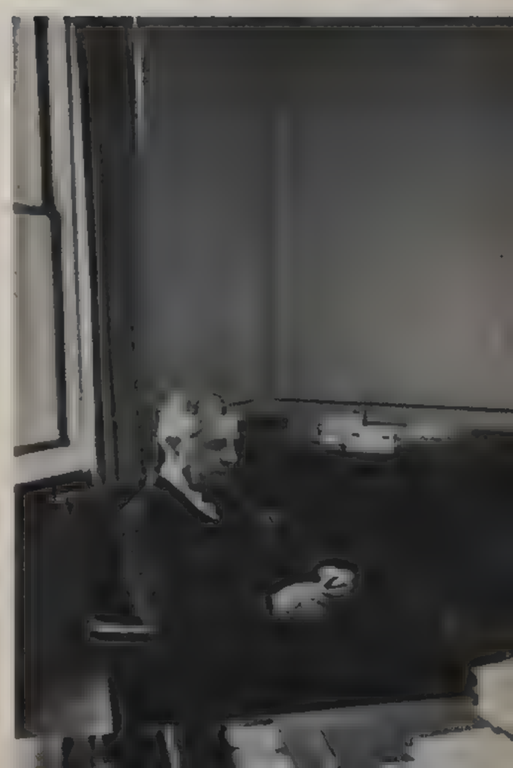
at his cleared, dark desk in the simple wood-panelled office in the Du Pont Building in Wilmington, Delaware. Grey-haired, with blue, hooded eyes surrounded by laugh lines, he has a narrow head, a slightly tanned face, a low, cultivated voice, and quick laugh. He is a calm and reasonable man who began as a control engineer with Du Pont soon after he was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since then he has had eighteen patents registered under his name, some of them relating to nylon. He was Du Pont's technical liaison director between the atomic scientists who put into operation the first atomic pile at the University of Chicago and the company in the building and operation of the government's plutonium plant at Hanford, Washington. (Note: at the request of the government, Du Pont built and now operates the Savannah River Plant for the Atomic Energy Commission for a fee of one dollar.) With his thorough, questing mind, Crawford H. Greenewalt has managed financially to satisfy the more than 220,000 stockholders of Du Pont, scientifically the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History for whom he did the hummingbird book, and philosophically himself. He hated, however, the "drudgery of those damn captions" for the book's seventy hummingbird colour photographs.



FRED OLSEN, an Olin Mathieson scientist, spends his time these days on archaeology; his own curator, he is shown here working on his Peruvian objects, all in superb condition, the golden masks really glittering, everything beautifully placed in the small private museum attached to his glass-and-granite, modern, half-curve house, high on a quarry overlooking Long Island Sound at Guilford, Connecticut. He is square-faced, with humour lines and hazel-grey eyes, his seventy-one-year-old skin tanned from months of digging for Arawak artifacts in the Caribbean. Fred Olsen has a special renown. At Olin he contributed a new ball smokeless powder, the first major change in powder manufacture in several generations. As a collector he has had an abiding interest in education. Art surrounds him—a Persian vase, a Coptic fabric, a Miró vase, a Cambodian head, a precisionist marble, a Wotruba stone figure. He sends masses of art around the country; for eight years he kept his Coptic Collection, now given to Yale, on the road; for seven, the abstractions of Hans Moller and John Grillo. These days he rises at five-thirty A.M. to work for two hours on his book, *4,000 Years of Peruvian Art,* before swimming twelve laps in his pool, where a Henry Moore figure rests on the rim.

R. GORDON WASSON is as fascinated with international banking as he is with international mushrooms. A scholarly man with a ruddy, thin face, and a schoolmaster habit of spelling out unfamiliar words, he was born in Great Falls, Montana, lived his early life in Newark, New Jersey, and was graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism. In time he studied at the London School of Economics, walked through the Peloponnesus in "the springtime of my life," became a financial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*, married a White Russian pediatrician, eventually became a vice-president of J. P. Morgan, and thirty years ago started on mushrooms, led to them by his brilliant late wife. In 1957 they published an edition of 512 copies of *Mushrooms Russia and History;* two sets of this two-volume work were recently sold by a London bookseller for $500 each. To take the Holy Mushroom, as he has done in Mexico, allows one, he told the Mycological Society of America, "to see, more clearly than our perishing mortal eye can see, vistas beyond the horizons of this life, to travel backwards and forwards in time, to enter other planes of existence, even (as the Indians say) to know God. . . . All that you see . . . has a pristine quality. . . ."

WALKER EVANS



Trek to Tunisia: the new lure that's pulling travellers to North Africa—where camels presumably walk a mile for people.

White for the sun

HENRY CLARKE

Photographed in the desert outside Tozeur, a long white cover for a bathing suit (there's a cool oasis) of cotton twill with a high rolled collar. By Loomtogs of Riegel fabric (Sanforized): about $25 at Best & Co.; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Ankle bracelets by Gauthier.

Rising now—as the sun also does—are the new white looks for this year's tropic situations which now can mean anywhere south, on shipboard, or a run-through of the fascinations of Tunisia, swatches of which show on fifteen pages here. Note, at this point, one important white-paper rule: the main thing required with all these white clothes is a taut, smoothly sun-tanned body. Legs, arms, midriff—all must be browned, and muscle-toned, to a turn (about this midriff, some canny exercises for it were outlined in Vogue's December issue). At the beach, short white shifts that may have baby-dress tendencies must be worn with long, slim, tanned legs that break up any illusion of 3-to-6x-ness; one of these looks is opposite, more follow. The white pants and short lace top, on page 138, are only as right as the snug sash of skin that comes between them.

What's happening to white now: it's crisper, bolder, *whiter*—in a fresh stretch of piqué, for instance, it couldn't be dazzling-er, nor smarter. Five piqué dresses with this kind of whiteness-voltage are on pages 134-137, holding their own with the stark spanking brilliance of North African marble, tile, sand. White-hot news flashes at the beach are the snowy shifts that cover a bathing suit. These, for length, go to extremes; no means. Either well above the knee, or to the ankles as shown a page back; *not* the length of street dresses, or all is lost. Sleeves usually take no middle courses either—to the wrist with shirt cuffs, or gone altogether. The short white beach-shifts that follow baby-dress lines have high yokes, touches of white embroidery or lace, sloped shapes. Other babied looks are short frilly tops to wear with clean lean pants—both white. Non-white aspects of the following pages: beach cover-ups in denimy blue, or wide curry-brown stripes—both wonderful punctuation for white. A skin-out beach outfit in taupe jersey—bathing suit, shift, hooded jacket—could get its white via a domed Panama beach hat. Also not white but great with it, the brilliantly flowered windbreak jacket worn with white pants, on page 144. This bright windbreak idea, one that will wrap up almost everything during the sun-times of 1963—in the tropics over bathing suits or dresses; taking sweater-place over piqué, silk, or linen dresses in town that could be black or bright.

New shifted beach look: white, leggy A short beach shift, *opposite*, to wear with a long stretch of lean brown legs; this, of eyelet-embroidered white cotton with a high yoke, long shirt sleeves, the crisp simplicity of a baby's dress. Other white looks here: the wonderful capes of the spahis who stand guard at the palace of President and Madame Bourguiba in Saida, just outside the city of Tunis. (For more briefing about the rare lures of Tunisia, see the article by Lanfranco Rasponi on page 42.) Shift by Harold Goldstein; about $40 at Bonwit Teller, New York. Hat by Sally Victor.

HENRY CLARKE



White piqué—the big blaze White piqués, beside a marble honeycomb casting lace shadows—the marble gallery of President Bourguiba's new summer residence at Skanes, near Monastir. *Left:* White piqué dress with skimmed shape, buckled bit of belt. By Jane Derby; about $125 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Harold's; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. *Right:* White piqué dress with shaped waist marked with a loopy cocarde, bell-topped skirt. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; about $145 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's. Hat by Emme. Both dresses in piqué of Dacron and cotton by Galey & Lord. On both pages, the white sandals by Pinet.

HENRY CLARKE









White piqué—three shapes blazing now These white looks, adding extra dazzle to African sun that shines, here, on a place known as Sbeitla, once the ancient city of Sufetula that flourished (complete with forests of olives) in the first century A.D. What remains: fascinating ruins—this triumphal arch, remarkably preserved temples. *Left:* White piqué pullover dress with slanted pockets that suggest a waist. By Herbert Sondheim; piqué of Dacron and cotton; about $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. *Top right:* White piqué shirt-dress with small peplum, walking flare, a two-piece look. By Mollie Parnis; piqué of Dacron and cotton; about $90. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. The hat by Adolfo. *Right:* Shirty jacket with long cuffed sleeves, side-pleated skirt. By Vera Maxwell; white piqué of Dacron and cotton; about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Pinet shoes. Hat by Adolfo. All piqué fabrics, on these pages, by Galey & Lord.

HENRY CLARKE

The white baby-dress anywhere near water

Here with another view of the presidential palace in Saida, showing mosaic steps, guards: more babied white ways to be near tropical waters—a lacy top and pants, a piqué shift. *Above:* Small shell top with baby-shirt squareness, rows of sissifying white lace, camisole straps. The ankle-length pants, white and tapered. Both by Mr. Gee: top, in lace of Du Pont nylon by Stern & Stern, over Dacron and cotton broadcloth; about $18. Pants, about $13. Both at Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Macy's, Kansas City. *Right:* Take-cover for bathing suits; leaving arms and legs in the clear—a baby-dress shift of white cotton bird's-eye piqué with high embroidered yoke. By Robert Sloan; about $30. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Gauthier earrings. White Panama hat: Adolfo.

HENRY CLARKE



New dash for cover-ups

Two cover-ups for bathing suits, one blue poplin, one white vinyl, photographed inland at Kairouan—Moslems say seven pilgrimages to Kairouan are worth one to Mecca. Here, mosque cupolas, their whiteness almost blinding in the noonday sun. *Left:* White with gleam—a legs-length parka of white vinyl with hood and front zipper, knitted cotton backing. By Ernst Engel; about $28 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Halle Bros. *Right:* Beach cover of blue Dacron-and-cotton. by Wilroy, of Klopman fabric; about $25 at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Makoff; I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE







Free-fall hoods—more cover-ups

Near Tozeur—where date palms and 14th-century houses thrive—two wrappy ways to cover a bathing suit, topped with loose hoods. *Left:* Beach shift with batwing jacket shaped to form a hood. Inside, a strapless bathing suit. Bathing suit, in taupe jersey of Orlon made with Vyrene; taupe beach shift and hooded top of knitted Orlon. By Gustave Tassell for Catalina. Shift, about $30; bathing suit, about $28; hooded top, about $20. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. *Right:* Wide-striped beach coat with scarfy hood. By Cabana, of Wamsutta curry and white terry cloth; about $30. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Ankle bracelets: Gauthier.

HENRY CLARKE



Flowered silk windbreak jacket: white pants Exploring the African scene from a spot on a sand dune overlooking the desert and the oasis of Tozeur—a hooded jacket, here, of silk shantung, rampant with bright printed flowers. The white pants, narrow and long, also of silk shantung. The side-buttoned top, by Christian Dior-Sport; about $145. Pants by Jack Winter; about $20. Both are to order at Bonwit Teller.

HENRY CLARKE

(Continued from page 118)

asking if she could get dressed for her party. I said her party was not going to start until eight o'clock and to take an apple and go lie down again. In another ten minutes she was down to explain that she would probably be too excited to dress later and it would really be only common sense to put her party dress on now. I said if she came downstairs again before dinner was on the table I would personally call her four guests and cancel the pyjama party. She finally rested for half an hour or so in the chair by the upstairs phone, talking to her friend Carole.

She was, of course, unable to eat her dinner, although she had chosen the menu. She nibbled at a piece of lamb, rearranged her mashed potatoes, and told her father and me that she could not understand how we had endured as many birthdays as we had. Her father said that he personally had gotten kind of used to them, and that as a matter of fact a certain quality of excitement did seem to go out of them after—say—thirty, and Jannie sighed unbelievingly.

"One more birthday like this would *kill* her," Laurie said. He groaned. "Carole," he said, as one telling over a fearful list. "Kate. Laura. Linda. Jannie. You must be *crazy*," he said to me.

"I suppose your friends are so much?" Jannie said. "I suppose Joey didn't get sent down to Miss Corcoran's office six times today for throwing paper wads? I suppose Billy. . ."

"You didn't seem to think Billy was so terrible, walking home from school," Laurie said. "I guess that wasn't *you* walking with. . ."

Jannie turned pink. "Does my own brother have any right to insult me on my own birthday?" she asked her father.

In honour of Jannie's birthday Sally helped me clear the table, and Jannie sat in state with her hands folded, waiting. When the table was cleared we left Jannie there alone, and assembled in the study. While my husband lighted the candles on the pink and white cake, Sally and Barry took from the back of the hall closet the gifts they had chosen themselves and lovingly wrapped. Barry's gift was clearly a leathercraft set, since his most careful wrapping had been unable to make the paper go right around the box, and the name showed clearly. Sally had three books. Laurie had an album of records he had chosen himself. ("This is for my *sister*," he had told the clerk in the music store, most earnestly, with an Elvis Presley record in each hand, "for my sister —not *me*, my *sister*.")

Laurie also had to carry the little blue record player which my husband and I had decided was a more suitable gift for our elder daughter than a dear little monkey or even a pair of high-heeled shoes. I carried the boxes from the two sets of grandparents, one holding a flowered quilted skirt and a fancy blouse, and the other holding a stiff, lacy, be-ribboned crinoline petticoat. With the cake leading, we filed into the dining room where Jannie sat. "Happy birthday to you," we sang, and Jannie looked once and then leaped past us to the phone. "Be there in a minute," she said, and then "Carole? Carole, listen, I *got* it, the record player. Bye."

By a quarter to eight Jannie was dressed in the new blouse and skirt over the petticoat, Barry was happily taking apart the leathercraft set, the record player had been plugged in and we had heard, more or less involuntarily, four sides of Elvis Presley. Laurie had shut himself in his room, dissociating himself utterly from the festivities. "I was willing to *buy* them," he explained, "I even spent good money out of my bank, but no one can make me *listen*."

I took a card table up to Jannie's room and squeezed it in among the beds; on it I put a pretty cloth and a bowl of apples, a small dish of candy, a plate of decorated cupcakes, and an ice bucket in which were five bottles of grape soda embedded in ice. Jannie brought her record player upstairs and put it on the table and Laurie plugged it in for her on condition that she would not turn it on until he was safely back in his room. With what Laurie felt indignantly was a complete and absolute disregard for the peace of mind and healthy sleep of a cherished older son I put a deck of fortune-telling cards on the table, and a book on the meaning of dreams.

Everything was ready, and Jannie and her father and I were sitting apprehensively in the living room when the first guest came. It was Laura. She was dressed in a blue party dress, and she brought Jannie a small package containing a charm bracelet which Jannie put on. Then Carole and Linda arrived together, one wearing a green party dress and the other a fancy blouse and skirt, like Jannie. They all admired Jannie's new blouse and skirt, and one of them had brought her a book and the other had brought a dress and hat for her doll. Kate came almost immediately afterward. She was wearing a wide skirt like Jannie's, and she had a crinoline, too. She and Jannie compared crinolines, and each of them insisted that the other's was much, *much* prettier. Kate had brought Jannie a pocketbook with a penny inside for luck. All the girls carried overnight bags but Kate, who had a small suitcase. "You'll think I'm going to stay for a *month*, the stuff I brought," she said, and I felt my husband shudder.

Each of the girls complimented, individually, each item of apparel on each of the others. It was conceded that Jannie's skirt, which came from California, was of a much more advanced style than skirts obtainable in Vermont. The pocketbook was a most fortunate choice, they agreed, because it perfectly matched the little red flowers in Jannie's skirt. Laura's shoes were the prettiest anyone had *ever* seen. Linda's party dress was of Orlon, which all of them simply *adored*. Linda said if she *did* say it herself, the ruffles never got limp. Carole was wearing a necklace which no one could *possibly* tell was not made of real pearls. Linda said we had the *nicest* house, she was always telling her mother and father that she wished they had one just like it. My husband said he would consider any reasonable offer. Kate said our dogs were just *darling*, and Laura said she *loved* that green chair. I said somewhat ungraciously that they had all of them spent a matter of thousands of hours in our house and the green chair was no newer or prettier than it had been the last time Laura was here, when she was bouncing up and down on the seat. Jannie said hastily that there were cupcakes and Elvis Presley records up in her room, and they were gone. They went up the back stairs like a troop of horses, saying "Cupcakes, cupcakes."

Sally and Barry were in bed, but permitted to stay awake because it was Friday night and Jannie's birthday. Barry had taken Jannie's leathercraft set up to his room, planning to make his dear sister a pair of moccasins. Because Sally and Barry were not invited to the party I took them each a tray with one cupcake, a glass of fruit juice, and three candies. Sally asked if she could play *her* phonograph while she read fairy tales and ate her cupcake and I said certainly, since I did not think that in the general air of excitement even Barry would fall asleep for a while yet. As I started downstairs Barry called after me to ask if *he* could play *his* phonograph, and of course I could hardly say no.

When I got downstairs my husband had settled down to reading freshman themes in the living room. "Everything seems . . ." he said; I believe he was going to finish "quiet," but Elvis Presley started then from Jannie's room. There was a howl of fury from Laurie's room, and then *his* phonograph started; to answer Elvis Presley he had chosen an old Louis Armstrong record, and he was holding his own. From the front of the house upstairs drifted down the opening announcement of "Peter and the Wolf," from Sally, and then, distantly, from Barry's room, the crashing chords which heralded (blast off!) "Space Men on the Moon."

"What did you say?" I asked my husband.

"Oh, when the saints come marching in . . ."

"I said it seemed quiet," my husband yelled.

"The cat, by a clarinet in a loooow register . . ."

"I want you, I need you . . ."

"Prepare for blast: five—four—three—two—"

"The golden trumpets will begin . . ."

"It sure does," I yelled back.

"BOOM." Barry's rocket was in space.

Jannie had switched to "Hound Dog," and Laurie called on his reserves and took out his trumpet. He played without a mute, which is ordinarily forbidden in the house, so for a few minutes he was definitely ascendant, even though a certain undeniable guitar beat intruded from Jannie's room, but then Jannie and her guests began to sing and Laurie faltered, lost "the Saints," fell irresistibly into

(Continued on page 146)

FASHION BEGINS WITH A TRIM FIGURE





"BIRTHDAY PARTY"

(Continued from page 145)

"Hound Dog," cursed, picked up "the Saints," and finally conceded in time for four—three—two—one—BOOM. Peter's gay strain came through clearly for a minute and then Jannie finished changing records and our house rocked to its foundations with "Heartbreak Hotel."

Laurie's door slammed and he came pounding down the back stairs and into the living room. "Dad," he said pathetically.

His father nodded bleakly. "I'll stop them," I said, and went to the back stairs; in the kitchen I could only hear a kind of steady combined beat which shivered the window frames and got the pots and pans crashing together softly where they hung on the wall. I waited till the record was finished and then called up to Jannie that it was time for Sally and Barry to go to sleep and she must turn off the record player for the night.

She agreed amiably, saying that they had played every record three times anyway, and the phonograph stopped. Since it was close to nine-thirty I went up to Sally's room, and found that Sally had turned off *her* phonograph because she was getting sleepy. I went on to Barry's room, where Barry had fallen asleep in his space suit somewhere on the dim craters of the moon, fragments of leather all over his bed. I came back to the living room to find my husband back at his freshman themes and Laurie sprawled all over the couch reading *Downbeat.*

"See?" I said. "They were very nice about quieting down."

"Yeah," Laurie said. "*Suuuure.*"

I took up my book and sat down. It was so quiet I could almost hear the kitten purring on Sally's bed.

"I hope you notice," I said to my husband, "that—*just* as I said—it is perfectly possible for a group of five girls to have a quiet, almost grown-up party overnight. I used to do it all the time when I was a girl, and I can't remember that we ever made much of a disturbance."

"The trouble with girls," Laurie said in a tone of dire foreboding, "is that as soon as you don't know what they're doing, it's probably something no one in their right minds would ever think of."

"That's not the *only* trouble with girls," his father said.

We read peacefully in a silence broken only by Laurie's whistling between his teeth and an occasional remark from my husband or myself to the effect that if Laurie was unable to control that infuriating racket he could take himself off to bed. After a while Laurie went into the kitchen and consumed three cold cube steaks, a quart of milk, and two cupcakes. When he came back to the living room I said I hoped he was already regretting his unkind words about his sister and her friends, because—

Laurie lifted his head. "Now it starts," he said.

He was right.

After about half an hour I went to the foot of the back stairs and tried to call up to the girls to be quiet, but they could not hear me. They were apparently using the fortune-telling cards, because I could hear someone calling on a tall, dark man and someone else remarking bitterly upon jealousy from a friend. I went halfway up the stairs and shouted, but they still could not hear me. I went to the top and pounded on the door and I could have been banging my head against a stone wall. I could hear the name of a young gentleman of Laurie's acquaintance being bandied about lightly by the ladies inside, coupled with Laura's name and references to a certain cake-sharing incident at recess, and insane shrieks, presumably from the maligned Laura. I banged both fists on the door, and there was silence for a second until someone said, "Maybe it's your *brother,*" and then there was a great screaming of "Go away! Stay out! Don't come in!"

"Joanne," I said, and there was absolute silence.

"Yes, mother?" said Jannie at last.

"May I come in?" I asked gently.

"Oh, yes," said all the little girls.

I opened the door and went in. They were all sitting on the two beds in Jannie's room. The needle arm had been taken off the record but I could see Elvis Presley going around and around. All the cupcakes and soda were gone, and so was the candy. The fortune-telling cards were scattered over the two beds. Jannie was wearing her pink shortie pyjamas, which were certainly too light for that cold night. Linda was wearing

blue shortie pyjamas. Kate was wearing a college-girl-type ski pyjama. Laura was wearing a lace-trimmed nightgown, white with pink roses. Carole was wearing yellow shortie pyjamas. Their hair was mussed, their cheeks were pink, they were crammed uncomfortably together onto the two beds, and they were clearly awake long after their several bedtimes.

"Don't you think," I said, "that you had better get some sleep?"

"Oh, noooo," they all said, and Jannie added, "The party's just *beginning*." They looked incredibly pretty and happy, and so I said, with a deplorable lack of firmness, that they could stay up for just five minutes more, if they were very, very quiet.

"Dickie," Kate whispered, clearly referring to some private joke and the little girls dissolved into helpless giggles, all except Carole, who cried out indignantly, "I did *not*, I never *did*, I *don't*."

Downstairs again, I said nostalgically to my husband and Laurie, "I can remember, when *I* used to have pyjama parties. . ."

"Mommy," Jannie said urgently from the darkness of the dining room. Startled, I hurried in.

"Listen," she said, "something's gone *terribly* wrong."

"What's the matter?"

"Shhh," Jannie said. "It's Kate and Linda. I thought they would both sleep in my library but now Kate isn't talking to Linda because Linda took her lunch box today in school and said she didn't and wouldn't give it back so now Kate won't sleep with Linda."

"Well then, why not put Linda. . ."

"Well, you see, I was going to have Carole in with me because really only don't tell the others, but really she's my *best* friend of all of them only now I can't put Kate and Linda together and . . ."

"Why not put one of them in with you?"

"Well, I *can't* put Carole in with Laura."

"Why not?" I was getting tired of whispering.

"Well, because they *both* like Jimmie *Watson*."

"Oh," I said.

"And anyway Carole's wearing a shortie and Kate and Laura *aren't*."

"Look," I said, "how about my sneaking up right now through the front hall and making up the guest-room bed? Then you can put someone in there. Jimmie Watson, maybe."

"*Mother*." Jannie turned bright red.

"Sorry," I said. "Take a pillow from one of the beds in your library. Put someone in the guest room. Keep them busy for a few minutes and I'll have it ready. I just hope I have two more sheets."

"Oh, *thank* you." Jannie turned, and then stopped. "Mother?" she said. "Don't think from what I said that *I* like Jimmie Watson."

"The thought never crossed my mind," I said.

I raced upstairs and found two sheets; they were smallish, and not coloured, which meant that they were the very bottom of the pile, but as I closed the guest-room door behind me I thought optimistically that at least Jannie's problems were solved, if I excepted Jimmie Watson and the dangerous rivalry of Carole, who is a natural platinum blonde.

Jannie came down to the dining room again in about fifteen minutes. "Shhh," she whispered when I came in to talk to her. "Kate and Linda want to sleep together in the guest room."

"But I thought you just said that Kate and Linda. . ."

"But they made up and Linda apologized for taking Kate's lunch box and Kate apologized for thinking she did, and they're all friends now except Laura is kind of mad because now Kate says she likes Harry Benson better."

"Better than Laura?" I asked stupidly.

"Oh, *mother*. Better than Jimmie Watson, of course. Except *I* think Harry Benson is goony."

"If he was the one on patrol who let your brother Barry go across the street by himself he certainly *is* goony. As a matter of fact, if there is one word I would automatically and instinctively apply to young Harry Benson it would surely be . . ."

"Oh, *mother*. He is *not*."

I had been kept up slightly past my own bedtime. "All right," I said. "Harry Benson is not goony and it is fine with me if Kate and Carole sleep in the guest room if they will only . . ."

"Kate and *Linda*."

"Kate and Linda. If they will only *only* go to *sleep*."

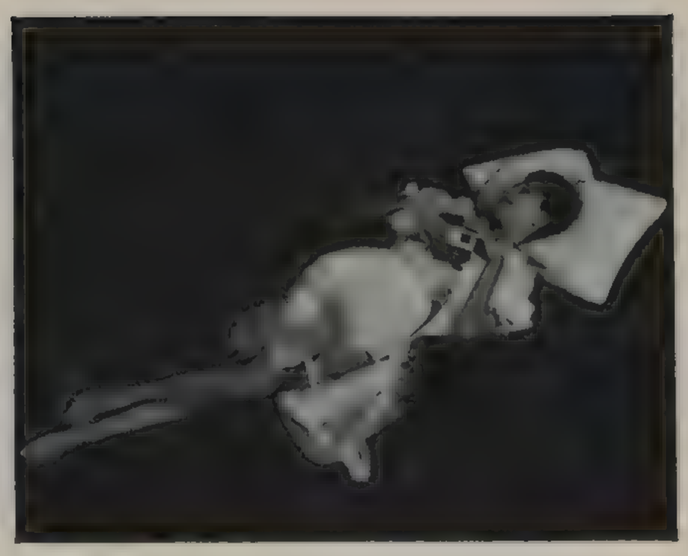
"*Thank* you. And may I sleep in the guest room too?"

"What?"

"It's a big bed. And we wanted to talk very quietly about . . ."

(Continued on page 154)

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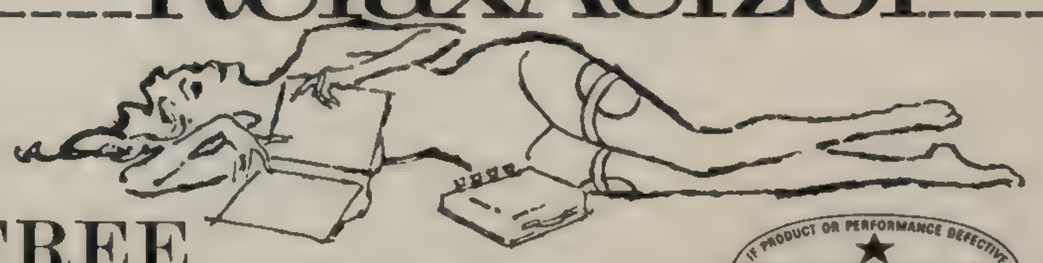
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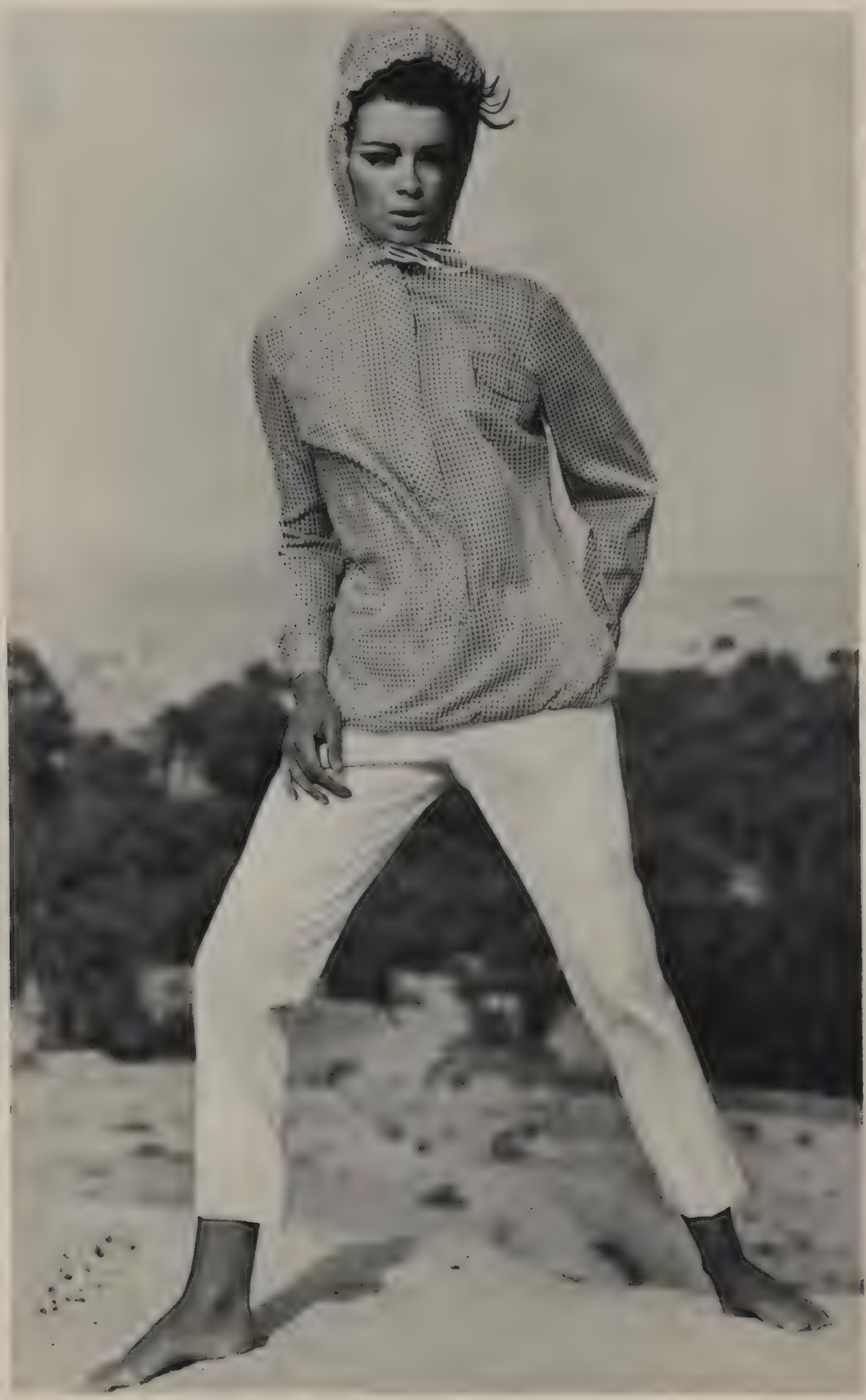
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301

THE WINDBREAK JACKET— CHECKED OUT OVER PANTS



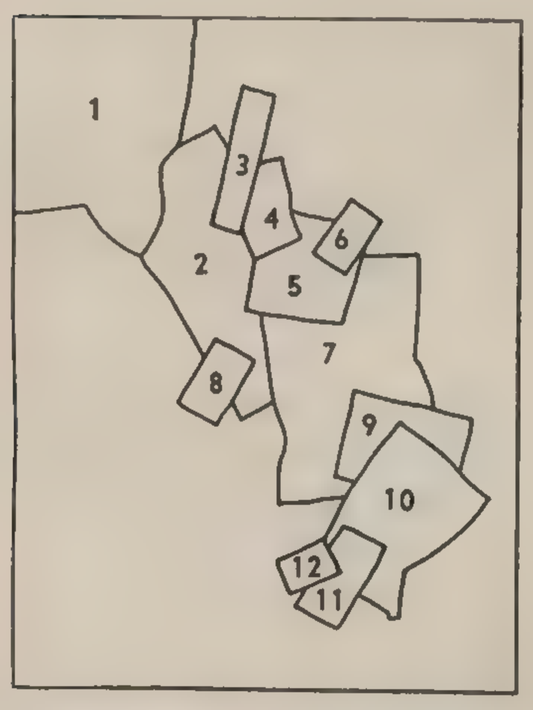
HENRY CLARKE

The windbreak has never had it so big. This year it can be half of a suit-look; it can even be sable; and, of course, if it's red and white gingham like the jacket above, it's a natural for a country or beach life. This, a pullover, has a sleek little hood, a shirt-button front, blouson hem. It's buttoned up over white cotton pants, but it might also cover for shorts or a bathing suit. The pants and windbreak, both by White Stag; the jacket, of water-repellent cotton gingham (this, an Avondale fabric), about $9; pants, of Sanforized Plus cotton sailcloth, about $8. Both at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Bullock's, Downtown. Photographed on sand dunes of the Tunisian desert, above the oasis of Tozeur.

CHECK-OUT OF THE NEW COLOURS

BROWNS—VEERING TO TOPAZ AND DEEP HONEY

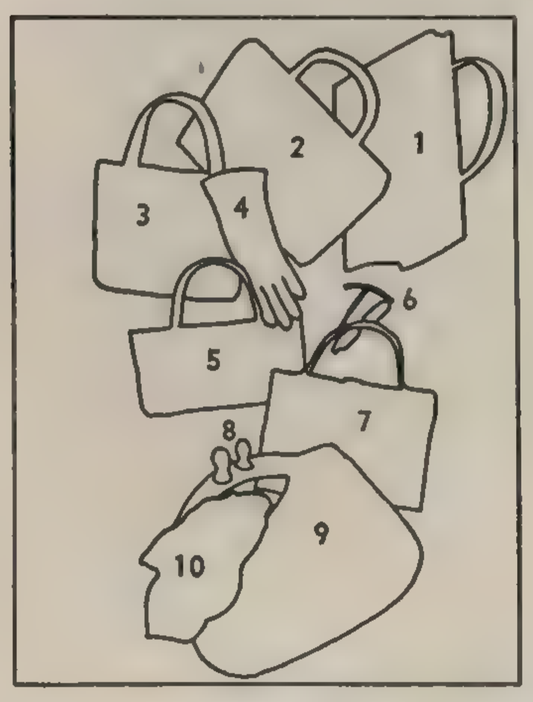
Key to the fabrics on page 85



1. Impressionistic flowers, brown, black, and white, massed on silk twill. By Onondaga.
2. Heavy silk shantung lightning-striped with brown and white. By Siret, Cornet, Besson.
3. Brown cobweb-surfaced wool with a firm back. By Lesur.
4. Grainy tweed of Fortrel, rayon, and silk in pale honey and brown. By Cohama.
5. An important fabric of blended fibres—mohair, wool, linen, nylon in a mesh weave. Honey-coloured. By Bellaine.
6. Silk tweed in a dark, tree-bark brown. By George Roberts, at P & F Schwarz.
7. Chocolate-brown and white geometric print on silk surah. A Moreau fabric.
8. Smooth, light, biscuit-coloured wool and silk twill for suits. By Staron.
9. Miel-coloured wool suède cloth. By Anglo (American fabric).
10. Dark-brown and white bold-patterned silk shantung. By Abraham.
11. Gauze with a woven texture, of Fibranne in a deep, cool brown: Barbacane, by Staron.
12. One of the new smooth wools in a biscuit-coloured coat fabric. By Forstmann (American fabric).

CACHE OF CORAL

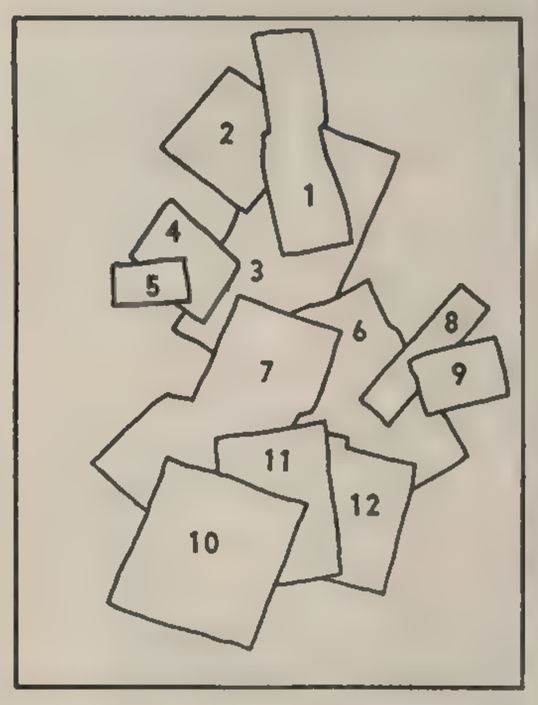
Key to the accessories on page 89



1. Big square-shaped bag of calfskin. By Nettie Rosenstein. About $135*. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
2. Wicker bag built like a briefcase, has fake gold handles and lock closing. By Koret. About $26*. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.
3. Square bag with a fake gold medallion fastening. By Nettie Rosenstein, of calfskin. About $100*. At Bonwit Teller, N. Y.; I. Magnin.
4. Four-button white gloves of double-woven Du Pont nylon imprinted to look like crocodile. By Hansen. About $3. At Famous-Barr.
5. Calfskin bag, long, low-slung version of number three. By Nettie Rosenstein. About $100*. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; I. Magnin.
6. Eyeglasses with narrow French amber frames, rectangular lenses. Comes in leather case. By Lugene. About $13.
7. Square bag with accordion-pleated sides. By Nettie Rosenstein of calfskin. About $115*. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
8. Two pins of carved coral Oriental heads: one set with turquoises, diamonds, and pearls in gold; the other studded with pearls, emeralds, and a ruby set in gold. All from Cartier.
9. Wicker tote bag, leather-lined. By Koret. About $33*. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.
10. Silk chiffon scarf, 34″ square, printed with a cloud pattern in coral and rust-colour. By Echo. About $6. Altman's; Harzfeld's.

THE NEW MOOD INDIGO

Key to the fabrics on page 93



1. Slightly textured bright navy-blue silk for a suit or dress. By Chardon-Marché.
2. Indigo and white leaf-printed silk surah. By Folker.
3. Ink-blue filigreed mesh—a mixture of synthetics—Orlon and Avisco rayon; Bloomsburg fabric.
4. Very bright navy-blue worsted crêpe. Fabric by the Rings.
5. Knitted bias plaid wool fabric for suits. By Jerseycraft.
6. Printed silk twill, strong navy-blue and white. By Abraham.
7. A merger of blues in an abstract print on silk pongee. By Fisba.
8. Blue and white striped smooth silk tweed for spring and summer suits. By Couleur.
9. From the new blistered wool crêpes, this in purpled navy-blue. By Bellaine (American fabric).
10. For a coat—blue and white plaid on a smooth-surfaced wool tweed. By Warren of Stafford (American fabric).
11. Woven blue cotton with a texture like smooth straw. By Pomezia.
12. Wool-and-silk checked in bright navy-blue and white. By Einiger.

*PLUS TAX



UDAIPUR NOTEBOOK

More of the look of Jag Niwas, the old lake palace turned hotel shown on pages 104-109.

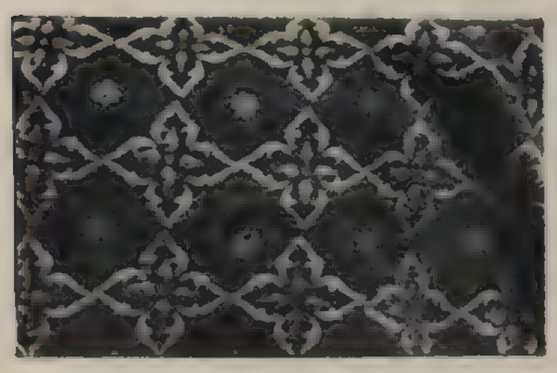
Right, a craftsman repairs mirror-inlays for palace walls. Watching him: Mrs. John F. Kennedy. To Delia Contractor, the decorator restoring the palace after Rajput miniatures, Mrs. Kennedy said later, "I envy you."





Left, the Maharana of Udaipur, seventy-fifth head of a reigning house founded 524 A.D. He is directing the palace-to-hotel conversion.

MANY OF THE TEXTILES, RUGS, TOWELS, CUSHIONS, AND FURNITURE DESIGNED FOR THIS PALACE ARE IMPORTED BY LORD & TAYLOR AND BY GUMP'S.





Above, two *kurri* prints in gold and silver on heavy cinnamon-coloured jute, designed for the first time for curtains by Delia Contractor.

Below, on a terrace, green and red cushions, white carved chairs, chainstitched pouf and rug, a marble-framed view of the mainland.



THE LIFE THAT'S IN FASHION...

(Continued from page 80)

seemed to be several dozen milk bottles.) To a fascinated but uncertain child, Mrs. Smith said, "Is everything okay? Are we going to be pals now?", received in return a more fascinated and slightly less uncertain handshake. Downstairs, in the light convent-like schoolrooms, she listened with quiet, unfaked friendliness to such confidences as "I'm people."..."I brought pie for lunch"; talked for rather a long time with a young Indian teacher supervising a spaghetti lunch; was introduced to a more "verbal" child as "the President's sister"; asked several acute questions about the family environment of one or more children; and wound up her tour by observing a speech therapist testing one of the little boys. Simple? ...No. Difficult, and sometimes painful; you have to care to be that close to unhappiness, to situations that can be a little bit better, even a whole lot better, but never quite what a woman wants for her own children.

Quite another atmosphere —pure science with no tugs at emotion—prevails at Walker Laboratory, a unit of New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute which specializes in cancer chemotherapy research. Although volunteer workers are fairly rare in science labs, Walker, which is situated in a wooded stretch of land in Rye, New York, has an astonishing number of young women (all fairly astonishing themselves), ten men of assorted ages, as well as an impressive complement of much older men and women, usually retired professionals, who lead the life in fashion more hours a week than almost anyone else.

On any day of the week, people entering the Laboratory are greeted by a receptionist wearing the natty duck-yellow smock that stamps the volunteers; one entire annual salary is saved by the women who man this post, and in addition to directing visitors, they turn out stacks of paperwork—typing, invitations to scientific meetings, order forms for reprints from the learned journals, whatever is needed to keep the place rolling. One handsome brunette of twenty-nine, the mother of five children, works part of her time as receptionist, also prepares medical abstracts for the staff. She came to Walker originally to help with the almost insurmountable problem of finding housing in a high-rental area for paid staff-members living on limited incomes. "When I first had children," she explained, "I didn't have any help, but now—my youngest is two—I do have someone at home, and I really need to get out."

Mrs. William Powers, a dynamo who retired nine years ago, was later persuaded away from Wilton, Connecticut ("my grandchildren were growing up, and there I sat . . .") to take over the staff job of organizing a volunteer service for Walker. Challenged instantly by diehards among the Institute's scientific investigators who said they would, candidly, rather die than have volunteers slopping around their labs, she rose to the bait with spirit and now lists, with justifiable pride, thirty-two Walker scientists who use the yellow-smock girls in their labs. One smiling, matter-of-fact woman prepares culture media for the growth of micro-organisms to be used in genetics studies. Another prepares fertilized eggs for viral assay. The genetics woman happened into Walker's life when she brought her daughter to interview one of the doctors on the staff for a school project, stayed to do some hunt-and-peck typing, eventually cracked the inner circle.

"A paid worker loves a coffee break," commented Mrs. Powers, but you have to keep volunteers busy. As soon as they're bored, they're gone." Only one of her crew admitted that typing long reports might be "more gratifying" if she knew more about science, but she seemed far from the bored stage. Another soft-voiced, reticent young woman whose services save the wages of an assistant in the library confessed that she had long been squeamish about lab work but recently felt a small temptation to try it. A champagne hamster resided on her book shelf.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the fact that the community, originally rather hostile to the idea of an invasion of scientists and their varied retinue, is now both friendly and curious. "Everywhere you go, people want to know what you're doing here," remarked an especially pretty volunteer. One thing is this: "At the minimum hourly wage of $1.25 the total hours given by volunteers in one year represent a gift of $24,296." This modest statement

straight from the official mouth does not remotely take into account the fact that much of the volunteer work is on a close-to-professional level and could not be had for $1.25 an hour.

Working in still another milieu are the twenty volunteers—seven of them very young women—who juggle deftly the problems of liaison between the United Nations community and the U.S. community that geographically surrounds them. An elite corps among volunteers, these people are picked from roughly two hundred applications a year, and only one new person is added every year or two. Discipline is rigid—everybody there at nine-thirty in the morning, never more than an hour for lunch. The day starts with a briefing session—what's new in and around New York, what theatre tickets are available, what music can be heard, et cetera; then to the information desks, which involve, among other things, a program for travel advice to assist U.N. people who express a taste for seeing America. Trickiest to manage is the "hospitality" routine which may mean matching ten guests to an organization that has offered to entertain them, or pairing small groups of guests to a set of weekend invitations. For the volunteers, there isn't a scrap of status or prestige, just stimulation and the satisfaction of "being part of the world." Quite obviously, they love it.

Wherever volunteers crop up, eventually some one springs the words, Junior League, a prime source of intelligent young workers, almost all of whom find that volunteering is "like auctions or gambling; it gets in your blood." Posting along in consistently good form for over sixty years, the New York Junior League may even be said, in one way, to have set the fashion for the life in fashion now. One of their maxims, certainly applicable to the pressured young women giving time now: "If you give it to someone with lots to do, it will get done."

Although the League is occasionally accused of sounding a note of girls-hockey-team, no one can properly question their right to the term "trained" or "professional" volunteers. Each of the women who is admitted (and this happens between the ages of seventeen and thirty-seven) must run the gamut of a training course, must then work under supervision on a regular schedule of hours each week and "demonstrate a job well done." One has the impression, however, that a bare minimum might not give a girl even a respectable amount of limelight.

The choice of activities is wide—everything from puppeteering to touring children through museums to social service work at hospitals and settlement houses.

More experienced members sink their teeth into such gnarled and thorny territory as "the plight of the City Department of Welfare," exploring the problem of whether volunteers can be used successfully to augment paid workers in administering direct help to Welfare recipients—such tasks as making house visits, evaluating data, and so forth. Handy with statistics, the League's stalwarts fall upon willing ears with staggering facts: "Do you *know* there are two thousand well children in this city who are waiting for foster homes? And that the City Shelter is so overcrowded some of them are sleeping two in a bed?" . . . Among the League's present concerns is a drive to alleviate the acute shortage of paid professionals (social workers and others), and through the intelligent use of volunteers to interpret publicly the importance of social welfare programs. Since most of the League's constituents veer to the alluring side, it seems highly probable that they will succeed.

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"BIRTHDAY PARTY"

(Continued from page 149)

"Never mind," I said. "Sleep anywhere, but *sleep*."

In about ten minutes Jannie was back downstairs again. "Listen," she said, when I came wearily into the dining room, "can Kate sleep in the guest room, too?"

"I don't care where Kate sleeps," I said. "I don't care where *any* of you sleep."

"Anyway, Kate and I are sleeping in the guest room, because now everyone else is mad at Kate. And Carole is mad at Linda so Carole is sleeping in my room and Linda and Laura are sleeping in my library. Except I just really don't know *what* will happen," she sighed, "if anyone tells Laura what Linda said about Jerry. Jerry Harper."

"Why can't Carole change with Linda and sleep with Laura?"

"Oh, *mother*. You *know* about Carole and Laura and Jimmie Watson."

"I guess I just forgot for a minute," I said.

"Well," Jannie said, "I only wanted to let you know where everyone was."

It was perhaps twenty minutes later when Laurie held up his hand and said "Listen." I had been trying to identify the sensation, and thought it was like the sudden lull in a heavy wind which has been beating against the house for hours.

I went up the back stairs in my stocking feet, not making a sound, and opened the door to Jannie's room, easing it to avoid even the slightest squeak.

Jannie was peacefully asleep in her own bed. The other bed in her room and the three beds in her library were empty. Reflecting upon the sorcery of Jimmie Watson's name, I found the other four girls all asleep on the guest-room bed. None of them were covered, but there was no way of putting a blanket over them without smothering somebody. I closed the window, and tiptoed away, called softly downstairs to let my husband and Laurie know that all was quiet, and got myself to my own bed and fell into it. I slept soundly until seventeen minutes past three by the bedroom clock, when I was awakened by Jannie.

"Kate feels sick," she said. "You've got to get up right away and take her home."

PIQUE-NIQUE SOUS LE DRYER

(Continued from page 98)



A valet brings roses



In the dressing-room



Mrs. Alsop—coiffed

Mrs. Alsop—being coiffed



Mrs. Fay and Mrs. Evans



Alexandre, sketching

usual cautionary wails—"What will my husband say?" "No one would dare to appear like this in Washington," "My children will think I've gone mad"—while Alexandre and the European women encouraged them: "Non, vous êtes ravissante." After each combing, Alexandre took out his thick black crayon and drew a sketch of the final triumph, then a sketch of the design, with roller and parts. In the end, "les victimes" were thrilled with the results: "Thank heavens I'm going to a black tie dinner tonight," said Mrs. Fay, madly happy with her "mèches folles" (wild locks). Mrs. Wheeler, a pretty brunette, had a discreet coiffure called "Sincère." Mrs. Evans, with a high-piled chignon, was called "Romantique." Mme. Bourguiba and Mme. Winkler looked ravishing in two versions of the Alexandre "Chignon Impératrice." Mrs. Alsop's hair had a light, forward-swept look.

Finally, Alexandre got to Mme. Alphand, who had been smiling, charming, amused, during the hours of waiting and watching the others. They fell at once into Gallic camaraderie, as Alexandre piled Mme. Alphand's hair into a shower of curls—"une chute de boucles." It wasn't necessary to add one of his towering hairpieces, the famous postiches, to create the effect—for which see page 99.

By this time, it was almost seven P.M. Alexandre had started the day by doing Mrs. Robert Kennedy's hair at her house at eight o'clock that morning, and except for a sandwich and a glass of beer between sprays, he hadn't stopped all day. The following day, he was due at the White House to coif Mrs. John Kennedy's hair. He was tired, but happy. P. S. The next morning, all the guests—also tired but happy—called Mme. Alphand to say they hadn't slept a wink for fear of ruining their Alexandre coiffures.

(Continued from page 124)

was in evening clothes. It seemed a thin reason for giving one's heart, but the fourth time I saw the film I checked. The hero, it is true, does often wear a lounge suit, but he also wears evening clothes, in those subliminal costume changes that are a characteristic of the film; and most of the other guests just as often slip out of their tuxedoes between shots. So much for that theory. There are some movies now that drive people into responding to them as though they were cracking a code. *Last Year at Marienbad* isn't really a film, it's a stone tablet.

Alberto Moravia once defined boredom as "a scantiness of reality." Maybe this explains what a good many people, myself among them, feel during Antonioni's films. If reality means shooting faint-voiced conversations between people with their backs turned to each other, or extracting doleful significance from the incidentals of rich living, then Antonioni is a realist all right. But if, as I think, he dilutes the quality of life so that it is unrecognizable and charges tiny events with the sort of moody, scented melancholy that is usually offensively associated with lady novelists, then it is no wonder that he has the power to put audiences to sleep in rows.

Antonioni subscribes to one of the movements that has been afoot in the cinema ever since the talkies were invented, which is to abolish dialogue as much as possible. Obviously there are things that can be expressed more sensitively in the cinema if they are done visually; but there are other things, mostly ideas, that seem to be coarsened by lack of speech. The film image can sometimes probe and expose miraculously, but it is also a great generaliser. Things photographed look more meaningful than they are; with a camera it is quite possible to hoodwink people into feeling that a dripping roof is pregnant with the sadness of the human condition, as Antonioni did in *Il Grido*. One sees the pregnant-detail trick at its worst in those mock-sociological movies that pretend to be making some searing comment on urban civilization by showing one a silent shot of a man looking blank on the subway. If he were allowed to speak, instead of being shown under a know-all commentary or a sound track of lonely jazz, one feels that he might easily turn out to be thinking something perfectly cheerful about his kids or his lunch. The convention of leaning heavily on some misleading silent image is beginning to run out of hand. One also gets it, for instance, in all those charged shots of people's feet in thrillers. If one is petrified about who is going to come in at the door, does one really look at their shoes?

For some reason, and I think it is connected with the defensiveness that most cinema people feel about the theatre, it is supposed to be "using the medium" if one boycotts words. When people say that a movie is "theatrical," it is always a term of abuse—unlike "cinematic," which is a perfectly neutral descriptive term about a stage production—and it almost always turns out to mean that the movie leans on dialogue. I'm not sure why leaning on dialogue should be a bad thing in itself. It is surely only bad if the dialogue is bad, just as a wordless film is only good if, like Kaneto Shindo's masterpiece *The Island*, it really is about a wordless aspect of life. *The Island* is about physical effort and endurance, and it needs words no more than a piece of sculpture.

When a film is made in a foreign language, of course, it is already half way towards the admired muteness. Movies in Japanese, if one settles down in one's seat enough to obscure the subtitles behind someone's shoulders, allow non-Japanese speakers an unsullied concentration on "the image." The audience can sit back and imagine themselves back in the days of the silents, which is where all film intellectuals secretly long to be. This is all very fine; some of the most marvellous movies ever made were in the days of the silents; but I don't for a moment think that the directors would have spurned sound if it had been available. It seems to me that the intellectual movie public likes going to the cinema with its ears plugged, and that this is why it accepts such thin-blooded stuff in the name of "style."

The bad good film as made and admired in America or England is on another track altogether. Whereas the Continental bad good film starts from manner, the Anglo-Saxon bad good film starts from matter, rattling an anxious moral in one's face like a flag seller rattling a money box. The moral is always ample, kindly, and liberal in a way that could offend absolutely no one, as in *Judgment at Nuremberg*, *On the Beach*, *The Mark*, or *Victim*. Our low-budget films are often made on the same basis: there seems to be an implicit assumption that art is a way of breaking life down into manageable one-cell slabs of goodness and right-mindedness. The American examples that get shown at festivals now mostly seem to be about nut-cases, for instance, and by the end of the picture the cases have been healed by love and they go away from the camera hand in hand. There is a fascinating exaltation of the primitive in American art: the cult of the innocent savage, as expressed by Grandma Moses or Holden Caulfield, knocks down urban highbrows like skittles. Because it represents a kind of naïveté that is beyond the reach of sophisticated people, it has also acquired an odd flavour of heroism. As Mary McCarthy once said, what running away from home was for Huck Finn, the nervous breakdown is for the American today. The new heroes are not really the heroic at all, but the hysterical, the deficient, and the delinquent. It has a very debilitating effect on art.

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FASHION VEERS

(Continued from page 111)

plastics with leathery leanings. Coming in with the crocuses: crocus-coloured kerchiefs of suède to knot at the throat . . . a puff-sleeved dress of apple-green antelope, thin as silk . . . a suit tailored with shirt effects, in strawberry-pink suède . . . a bright white kidskin bowler, tipping a pin-striped grey suit straight into spring . . . biscuit-leather gloves, matte or shiny . . . shoes of apricot-coloured crocodile with a beige linen dress, brimmed beige straw hat . . . a hair ribbon of glossy black leather to wear with daytime wools, evening suits.

'63 SLANT ON HATS: bowlers—in felt, kidskin, straw—tipped racily. . . . Fedoras with small, soft, handkerchief-creased crowns; the brim veered down a jot over one eye. . . . Turbans in silk, in organdie, in kidskin, in straw; tiny to enormous. . . . The brimmiest, most delicate straws: sombrero-shapes, sou'westers, Panamas.

ENAMEL JEWELS: pins, earrings, bracelets smoothed out of crushed stones and gleaming with the bitter-bright blues and greens of the Orient, often flicked with gold—most wanted jewels around now.

ABOUT COLOUR. Newest adjective for white: yellowy—a golden Gruyère warmth—describes the most interesting new degree of whiteness. . . . The word for navy-blue: indigo—a clear-eyed purpley brilliance that's sweeping fashion, and bringing with it a tide of clear, ravishing 18th-century blues. . . . Grey is for spring, plain or pin-striped, and at its most entrancing with a straw bowler of sunny yellow or one of bright Irish green. . . . When are violets not for spring? They look freshest in straw-hat form, and a tonic for a black tailored suit. . . . Lots of orange this season, in wool tailleurs; it will summer in grainy silk and linen dresses. Browns to cultivate: all—from palest biscuit, to topaz, to deep honey. Coral is the zing in their life.

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